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THE

LITERARY MISCELLANY:

or,

SELECTIONS & EXTRACTS,

classical and scientific;

with

Originals,

in

PROSE AND VERSE.

Convinced by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarrassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagancies and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chymists, who concentre the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse: Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but *well*. *Mem. of* 2500.

viz.

LYTTELTON, | COTTON,
GOLDSMITH, | ARMSTRONG,
JENYNS.

.....

STOURPORT,
PRINTED BY G. NICHOLSON.
1811.

POEMS
by
GEO. LORD LYTTELTON,

containing

PROGRESS OF LOVE, | MONODY, EPISTLES.
&c. &c. &c.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

Printed and Sold by George Nicholson, Poughnill Ludlow.
Sold also by H.D. Symonds Paternoster Row.
by Champante and Whitrow, 4 Jewry-Street, Aldgate, LONDON;
and all other Booksellers.
Anno 1800.

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THE LIFE OF LYTTELTON.

George Lyttelton, afterwards Lord Lyttelton, the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, bart. of Hagley, descended from the great judge Lyttelton, was born January 17, 1708-9, at seven months; and the midwife supposing him to be dead, threw him carelessly into the cradle, but one of the attendants discovering signs of life, he was immediately attended to and recovered. He received the elements of his education at Eton School, where his exercises were recommended by the masters, to the scholars in the same class, as models of excellence, and where his *Progress of Love*, and some other light pieces, were written. From Eton he was removed to Christ-Church, Oxford, where he pursued his classical studies with uncommon avidity. He here sketched the plan of his *Persian Letters*, and gave to the public a poem called *Blenheim*, written in 1727. In 1728, he began to travel, and visited France and Italy, but resided some time at Luneville, in Lorraine, as appears from his *Letters to his Father*, in which he describes the places he visited, and relates some of the principal incidents of his journey. At Paris he employed much of his time in the cultivation of his poetical talents, and wrote a manly and correct *Epistle to Dr. Ayscough*, who had been his tutor at Oxford, who afterwards married his aunt, was appointed tutor to the young princes, and promoted to the deanery of Bristol. At Paris he accidentally became

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acquainted with the honourable Mr. Poyntz, then British minister at the court of Versailles; who was so struck with the extraordinary capacity of our young traveler, that he invited him to his house, and engaged him in many political negociations, which Lyttelton executed with great judgment and fidelity. Mr. Lyttelton's conduct, while on his travels, deserves to be exhibited as a lesson of instruction. Instead of lounging away his hours at the coffee-houses frequented by the English, and adopting the fashionable follies and vices of France and Italy, his time was passed alternately in his library and in the society of men of rank and literature. After continuing a considerable time at Paris with Mr. Poyntz, who, to use his own words, behaved like a second father to him, he proceeded to Lyons and Geneva; and from thence to Turin, where he was honoured with great marks of friendship by his Sardinian Majesty. He then visted Milan, Venice, Genoa, and Rome; where he applied himself closely to the study of the fine arts; and was even in that celebrated metropolis, allowed a perfect judge of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In 1730, he wrote a a poetical *Epistle to Pope*, from Rome. During his continuance abroad he constantly corresponded with Sir Thomas, his father. Several of his letters, yet remaining, place his filial affection in the most distinguished light. On his return to England, in 1730, he addressed an *Epistle to Lord Hervey*, from Hagley in Worcestershire. He soon after obtained a seat in parliament for the borough of Oakhampton in Devonshire, and distinguished himself among the most strenuous opposers of Sir Robert Walpole, tho' his father enjoyed a lucrative employment under

government, and was, of course, pledged to vote with the court: Lyttelton, however, behaved so much to the satisfaction of his constituents, that they several times re-elected him for the same place, without puting him to the least expense. He became popular for his parliamentary abilities, insomuch that for several years the name of Lyttelton appeared in every account of the debates in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the King to remove Walpole; and was, on all occasions, an able coadjutor with Pultenay, Pitt, &c., in every measure of opposition. His zeal for the public good, is the only motive which can justify the violence of his opposition to Walpole from the charge of ingratitude, for it appears, from a letter to his father, dated at Luneville, that Walpole's recommendation procured him the friendship of Prince Craon. In 1735, he published his *Persian Letters*, in imitation of those of Montesquieu, whom he had known in England; a work which procured him great reputation, not only from the elegance of their style, but from the excellent observations they contain on the manners of mankind.

In 1737, Frederick Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty, having incurred the displeasure of his father, quitted St. James's, established a separate court, and received, with open arms, the opponents of the minister. Mr. Lyttelton received from this prince considerable marks of friendship. On the resignation of Pelham, he was made his secretary. He persuaded the prince to patronize literature; and by his recommendation, Mallet was made under secretary, with £200; and Thomson had a pension of

£100 a year. For Thomson he always retained the warmest friendship, and procured him the place of surveyor general of the Leward Islands. Moore courted his favour by an apologetical poem, called the "Trial of Selim, the Persian." He was paid for it, with kind words, which naturally raised great hopes, but he met, at last, with disappointment. Lyttelton became so powerful in the opposition cause, that he was considered one of it's principal supporters, and Pope, who was induced to deal largely his satire against the ministry, passed a high encomium on Lyttelton, as well as the other patriots of the day. This incurred the reproaches of administration, and particulary Mr. Henry Fox, who publicly and severely censured his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentious. Lyttelton retorted with dignified spirit, that he deemed it most honourable to be admitted to the familiarity of a man of such genius and such accomplishments. Mr. Lyttelton's attention to public business did not, however, prevent him from exercising his poetical talent, or relaxing in social cheerfulness and extempore witticism. The following, as an instance may be worth adverting to. One evening being in company with Lord Cobham and others, at Stowe, his Lordship mentioned his design of putting up a bust of Lady Suffolk in his gardens; and, turning to Mr. Lyttelton, said, "George you must furnish me with a motto for it." "I will, my lord," answered Mr. Lyttelton; and immediately produced the following couplet:

> "Her wit and beauty for a court were made,
> but truth and goodness fit her for a shade."

Miss Lucy Fortesque, a most amiable and accomplished young lady, inspired him with a passion,

which produced several little pieces, remarkable for their tenderness and elegance; to whom he was married in 1741. She was daughter of Hugh Fortesque, esq. of Filleigh, in Devonshire. Her congenial disposition, enlightened mind, delicacy, sympathy, and manner of life, rendered this ratification of friendship, most grateful to the soul of Lyttelton, which was ever attuned to the modulations of delicate sensibility.

Walpole, after a long struggle, being driven from his places, Lyttelton was, in 1744, made one of the lords of the treasury, and, as is not uncommon with courtiers, from that time as warmly supported, as he had formerly opposed, the schemes of the ministry. In this station he exerted his influence in rewarding merit and ability. He was the friend and patron, not only of Pope, Mallet, and Thomson, but of Henry Fielding, Dr. Young, Mr. Hammond, Mr. West, and Voltaire. On the death of Mr. Thomson, who left his affairs in a very embarrassed condition, Mr. Lyttelton took that poet's sister under his protection. He revised the tragedy of Coriolanus, which that writer had not put his last hand to; and brought it out at Covent-garden theatre, with a *Prologue* of his own, in which he so affectingly lamented the loss of that delightful bard, that not only Mr. Quin, who spoke it, but almost the whole audience, spontaneously burst into tears. Lyttelton appears to have been strongly susceptible of domestic and social repose; but human pleasures are transient, and lengthened happiness is a good incompatible with the fluctuations of mortality. They are acquisitions which mix so slightly in the concerns of life, that 'tis folly to calculate on their durability. Dr. Johnson has asserted, perhaps justly, that "Happiness was not

made for man." In the case of Lyttelton, the scanty limits of five years introduced a period

"of grief surpassing every other woe,"

for his tenderly esteemed wife died in child-bed, in January 1747;

"Clos'd were those beauteous eyes in endless night,
those beauteous eyes, were beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine."

He perpetuated her memory in a *Monody*, written in the same year, which will be read and admired while such an interchange of reason, sentiment, sympathy, and affection, as is there described, is experienced or understood, and while a taste for poetry exists. The offspring of this connection, was Thomas, the late Lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, Mary, who died an infant, and Lucy, who married Lord Viscount Valentia, of the kingdom of Ireland. The remains of Lady Lyttelton were deposited at Over-Arley in Worcestershire; and an elegant monument was erected to her memory in the church of Hagley, which contains the following *Inscription*, written by her husband.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
daughter of Hugh Fortescue, esq.
of Filleigh, in the county of Devon;
father to the present Earl of Clinton,
by Lucy his wife,
the daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer,
who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 1746-7,
aged 29,
having employed the short time allowed her here, in the uniform practice of religion and virtue.

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes,
tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
polite, as all her life in courts had been;
yet go od as she the world had never seen.

> The noble fire of an exalted mind,
> with gentlest female tenderness combin'd:
> her speech was the melodious voice of love,
> her song, the warbling of the vernal grove;
> her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
> soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
> her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
> her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Tho' for a time inconsolable for her loss, he sought happiness or amusement in a second marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of field-marshal Sir Robert Rich, in 1749. "She was an intimate and dear friend," says Mr. West, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge, June 17, 1749, "of his former wife's, which is some kind of proof of her merit. I mean the goodness of her heart, for that is the chief merit which Mr. Lyttelton esteems, and I hope she will not in this disappoint his expectations: in all other points she is well suited to him, being extremely accomplished in languages, music, painting; and very sensible, and well-bred." This experiment, however, was unsuccessful; they parted, a few years afterwards, by mutual consent. He had no issue by this lady. When weary with faction and debate, Lyttelton used very often, with Pitt, to visit his cousin West at Wickham, who was a zealous advocate for the cause of Christianity, from whose conversation it is said, he received that conviction of the truth of Christianity, which produced, in 1747, his *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul;* "a treatise," says Dr. Johnson, "to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer." In 1751, his father died, when he inherited a baronet's title, with a large estate, which, if he did not augment, he was attentive to adorn with expensive buildings and rural decorations.

Hagley-park, the scene of these rural improvements is certainly a terrestrial paradise. As Lyttelton continued active in parliamentary business, he gradually advanced his claim to preferment. Accordingly, in 1754, he resigned his seat at the Treasury Board, on being appointed Cofferer to the Household, and Privy Counsellor. In December 20, 1755, he exchanged the place of Cofferer, for the great office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; an office however, that required some qualifications, which he soon perceived himself to want; and which he retained only till the appointment of Mr. Legge, Nov. 16, 1756. In 1757, he made a journey into Wales, of which he has given a pleasing account, in two *Letters to Mr. Archibald Bower,* the celebrated historian of the popes, a man whose profession of protestantism he firmly believed, and whose interest and fame, having once espoused, he never was persuaded to disown. When the inauspicious commencement of the war with France rendered the dissolution of the ministry inevitable, Lyttelton lost his employment with the rest of his colleagues, but his services were recompensed with a peerage, being created Baron Lyttleton of Frankley, in the country of Worcester.

His speeches on the Scotch and mutiny bills in the year 1747, on the Jew bill in 1753, and on the privilege of parliament 1763, discovered sound judgment, powerful eloquence, and inflexible integrity.

In 1760, he published his *Dialogues of the Dead,* which were eagerly read, tho' they appear to be the production more of leisure than of study; rather effusions than compositions: they shew the elegance of his taste, rather than the power of his genius, or the strength of his judgment. He has copied Fenelon more than

Fontenelle. His last and more elaborate literary production, was the *History of Henry the second*, in 3 vol. 4to. 1767 and 1771; the result of researches and deliberations of the space of twenty years. The account of this publication, as given by Johnson, is remarkable. "The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the first impression; but the charges and repeated operations of the press were at the expense of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds. He began to print in 1755. Three volumes appeared in 1764, a second edition of them in 1767, a third edition in 1768, and the conclusion in 1771. Andrew Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters or with life, undertook to persuade Lyttelton, as he had persuaded himself, that he was master of the secret of punctuation; and, as fear begets credulity, he was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of *Henry the second.* The book was at last pointed and printed, and sent into the world. Lyttelton took money for his copy, of which when he had paid the *pointer*, he probably gave the rest away; for he was very liberal to the indigent. "When time brought the *History* to a third edition, Reid was either dead or discarded; and the superintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the style of Doctor. Something uncommon was probably expected, and something uncommon was at last done; for to the Doctor's edition is appended, what the world had hardly seen before, a list of errors in nineteen pages." It is sincerely to be wished,

that in this passage Dr. Johnson had attended to his own humane maxim, in the life of Addison, "of not giving a pang to a daughter, a brother, or a friend." The nice attention to punctuation with which *Henry the second* was published, is attributed, by Johnson, to "such anxiety as only vanity can dictate," even when good motives were avowed by the author, and known by his friends; such as his desire to correct mistakes, his fear of being too harsh on some characters, and other laudable motives. This work is justly ranked among the most valuable historical performances in the English language. It is executed with great fidelity, and with a strict regard to the authority of original writers. The style is perspicuous and unaffected; generally correct, and often masterly. The sentiments and remarks are judicious and pertinent, liberal with respect to religion, and friendly to the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind. The account of our ancient government, laws, customs, and manners, is very copious and eminently useful, so as to make the work strictly and properly a constitutional history. During the last ten years of his life, Lyttelton lived chiefly in retirement, and in the exercise of all the virtues which can ennoble private life. Our author, according to Dr Johnson, had never the appearance of a strong or a healthy man; having a slender uncompacted frame, and a meagre face. After a lingering illness, he died at Hagley-park, his favourite seat, August 22, 1773, in the 64th year of his age. He was buried at Hagley; and the following inscription was cut on a plain marble slab, and placed in the wall near the communion table.

"This unadorned stone was placed here
by the particular desire and express directions of the
Right Honourable
GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON;
who died August 22, 1773, aged 64."

An affecting narrative of his death has been given by his physician Dr. Johnstone, of Kidderminster, which is here subjoined. "On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; tho' his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger. "His lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, accounts for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently. "Tho' his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, "It is folly, by keeping me in misery, to attempt to prolong life;" yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery.

"On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt great perturbation, and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had long flowed as from a copious spring. "Doctor," said

he, "you shall be my confessor: when I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned; but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics, and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never, for a moment, could indulge malicious or unjust designs on any person whatsoever.' "At another time he said, "I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing." "On the evening when the symptoms of death came on, he said, "I shall die; but it will not be your fault.' When lord and lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, "Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this." Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22, when between seven and eight o'clock he expired, almost without a groan.". A small collection of "Poems, by a young Nobleman lately deceased," &c.

4to. 1780, has been attributed to Lord Lyttelton, and two small volumes of "Letters" are supposed to be the productions of his pen, which few have read without pleasure. They are generally accounted spurious, but in their composition, sentiment, and diction, they bear striking resemblances of his genius and turn of mind. "The Correspondents, an original novel," 12mo. 1775, which exhibits a series of letters, are supposed, on doubtful authority, to have passed between our author and Mrs. Peach. It is certain these letters bear a similarity of style, many marks of originality, and several references to time, place, and circumstance, not likely to be founded on fiction.

The works of George Lord Lyttelton, formerly printed separately, with some other Pieces never before printed, were collected and published by his nephew, George Edward Ayscough, esq. in one volume, 4to. 1774. The pieces formerly printed separately, and collected into this publication, are, *Observations on the Life of Cicero; Observations on the present state of Affairs, in a Letter to a Member of Parliament; Letters from a Persian in England, to his Friend at Ispahan; Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul; Dialogues of the Dead; Miscellaneous Poems.* The pieces which were never before printed, are, *Observations on the Roman History; Four Dialogues of the Dead; Four Speeches in Parliament; Letters to Sir Thomas Lyttelton;* and *an Account of a Journey into Wales, in Two Letters to Mr. Bower.*

The character of George Lord Lyttelton, was held in universal estimation during his life, and his memory has been revered ever since his death. In the several characters of a judicious critic, an entertaining traveler, a wise and upright statesman, and a

good man, his reputation is so decisively fixed, and so firmly established, that it can receive little additional lustre from encomium or panegyric; and is in no danger of suffering from the attacks of criticism or censure. As a poet, his compositions are characterized by elegance, ease, and harmony, without much elevation, energy, or enthusiasm. His poetical character by Johnson is sparing and invidious. Of his *Progress of Love*, he remarks, that "it is sufficient blame to say it is pastoral!"

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at Eton School.

'T was night, and Flavia to her room retir'd,
with ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd,
there melancholy, pensive, and alone,
she meditates on the forsaken town;
on her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
she sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:
"Ah! what avails it to be young and fair,
to move with negligence, to dress with care?
what worth have all the charms our pride can boast
if all in envious solitude are lost?
Where none admire 't is useless to excel;
where none are beaux 't is vain to be a belle:
beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
both most are valu'd where they best are known.
With ev'ry grace of nature or of art,
we cannot break one stubborn country heart,
the brutes, insensible, our power defy:
to love exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
that is our heaven, and we are angels there:
in that gay circle thousand cupids rove:
the court of Britain is the court of Love.
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
how have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd,
at each distinguish'd birthnight ball to see
the homage due to empire paid to me!

When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
and dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
when rival statesmen for my favour strove,
less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene, and all my glories die,
like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;
lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
the tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
supinely calm and dully innocent:
unbless'd I wear my useless time away,
sleep, wretched maid! all night and dream all day;
go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,
for dulness ever must be regular:
now with mamma at tedious whist I play,
now without scandal drink insipid tea,
or in the garden breathe the country air,
secure from meeting any tempter there.
From books to work from work to books I rove,
and am, alas! at leisure to improve.—
Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
are these of use for nothing but to sew?
Sure erring nature never could design
to form a housewife in a mould like mine!
O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,
attend propitious to thy votry's prayer;
let me revisit the dear town again,
let me be seen!—Could I that wish obtain
all other wishes my own power would gain."

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

To Mr. Pope.

Pope! to whose reed beneath the beechen shade
the nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid,
while yet thy muse content with humbler praise
warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays,
tho' now sublimely borne on Homer's wing
of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing,
wilt thou with me revisit once again
the crystal fountain and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou indulgent hear my verse relate
the various changes of a lover's state,
and while each turn of passion I pursue,
ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
full of the image of his beauteous maid;
his flock far off, unfed, untended lay,
to every savage a defenceless prey;
no sense of int'rest could their master move,
and every care seem'd trifling now but love:
awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,
but tho' his voice was mute his looks complain'd;
at length the thoughts within his bosom pent
forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

'Ye nymphs!' he cry'd, 'ye dryads! who so long

have favour'd Damon and inspir'd his song,
for whom retir'd I shun the gay resorts
of sportful cities and of pompous courts,
in vain I bid the restless world adieu,
to seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Tho' wild Ambition and destructive Rage
no factions here can form, no wars can wage,
tho' Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
nor Calumny your innocence invades,
yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
too often violates your boasted rest,
with inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
and taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

'Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprise
on Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes,
then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
then reason, liberty, at once were lost,
and every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
but what my heart employ'd on her alone.
Then too she smil'd; can smiles our peace destroy,
those lovely children of Content and Joy?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
from the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
thought could not guard nor will restore thy peace;
indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
and sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flatt'ring Memory! and tell my heart
how kind she was, and with what pleasing art
she strove it's fondest wishes to obtain,
confirm her power and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band,
to me alone she gave her willing hand;
her partial taste if e'er I touch'd the lyre

still in my song found something to admire;
by none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
by none but her my brows with ivy bound;
the world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
the world, alas! like Damon was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
in words as soft as passion could inspire,
coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
The frighted hind who sees his ripen'd corn
up from the roots by sudden tempest torn,
whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah! how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid!
to have my faithful service thus repaid?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd
but dreams of joy that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
or did you only nurse my growing love
that with more pain I might your hatred prove?
Sure guilty treachery no place could find
in such a gentle, such a gen'rous mind;
a maid brought up the woods and wilds among
could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
no; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
't was only modesty that seem'd disdain,
and her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain.'

Pleas'd with this flatt'ring thought, the love-sick boy
felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy,
back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
when now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
and light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.

Hear, Doddington! the notes which shepherds sing,
like those that warbling hail the genial spring:
nor Pan nor Phæbus tunes our artless reeds,
from Love alone their melody proceeds;
from Love Theocritus on Enna's plains
learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;
young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
could charm each ear and soften every heart;
me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
my rustic pipe in pleasing concert join.*

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
no more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
but call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
and told his joy to all the rural throng.

'Blest be the hour,' he said, 'that happy hour,
when first I own'd my Delia's gentle power!
then gloomy discontent and pining care
forsook my breast and left soft wishes there;
soft wishes there they left and gay desires,
delightful languors and transporting fires,
where yonder limes combine to form a shade
these eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
there she appear'd on that auspicious day
when swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
she led the dance—Heavens! with what grace she mov'd!
who could have seen her then and not have lov'd?
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,

*Mr. Doddington has written some very pretty love verses which have never been published. *Lyttelton.*

but glory'd in a happy captive's name,
nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
but leave to brutes their savage liberty.

'And art thou then, fond youth! secure of joy?
can no reverse thy flatt'ring bliss destroy?
Has treach'rous Love no torment yet in store?
or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
the plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
Delia! who now compassionates my woes,
who bids me hope, and in that charming word
has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

Begin, my pipe! begin the gladsome lay,
a kiss from Delia shall thy music pay,
a kiss obtain'd, 'twixt struggling and consent,
given with forc'd anger and disguis'd content.
No laureate wreaths I ask to bind my brows,
such as the muse on lofty bards bestows;
let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
I from her lips my recompense require.

'Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
light gales have chas'd the late impending shower,
th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends,
oppos'd it's beauteous arch the rainbow bends,
glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay,
the birds renew their songs on every spray;
come forth, my love! thy shepherd's joys to crown:
all nature smiles—will only Delia frown?

'Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
while every flower of every sweet they drain:
see how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,

the shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep:
nor bees nor herds are half so blest as I,
if with my fond desires my love comply;
from Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
and on her bosom dwells more soft repose.

'Ah how, my dear! shall I deserve thy charms?
what gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
from distant isles the lovely stranger came,
and bears the fortunate Canaries' name;
in all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat:
accept of this, and could I add beside
what wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
if all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
on thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine:
but if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phæbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove;
the tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain;
for him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
for him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
his music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs! companions of my love,
with whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg you recommend my faithful flame,
and let her often hear her shepherd's name:
shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
and shew my merits in the fairest light;
my pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
and every friend shall claim a different lay.

'But see! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair

enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air.—
Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet:
adieu, my pipe! I go my love to meet.
O may I find her as we parted last,
and may each future hour be like the past!
So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
propitious Venus! on thy altars bleed.'

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

To Mr. Edward Walpole.

The gods, O Walpole! give no bliss sincere,
wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear.
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
in gentle love the sweetest joys we find,
yet e'en those joys dire Jealousy molests,
and blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet think thy mistress just,
and wisely take thy happiness on trust.

Begin, my Muse! and Damon's woes rehearse
in wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.

On a romantic mountain's airy head
(while browsing goats at ease around him fed)
anxious he lay with jealous cares opprest,
distrust and anger lab'ring in his breast.—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
through these a river rolls it's winding flood,
adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
here half-conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
a castle there the op'ning plain commands;
beyond, a town with glitt'ring spires is crown'd,

and distant hills the wide horizon bound.
So charming was the scene, a while the swain
beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
but soon the stings infix'd within his heart
with cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
his flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
the gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
then cry'd, 'May all thy charms, ungrateful maid!
like these neglected roses droop and fade!
May angry heaven deform each guilty grace
that triumphs now in that deluding face!
those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
and ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!

'Say, thou Inconstant! what has Damon done
to lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
Tell me what charms you in my rival find
against whose power no ties have strength to bind?
Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
to conquer your disdain, and merit love?
Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
and dy'd with grief at each ungentle word?
Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
he pleas'd you by not studying to please;
his careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
and, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.

'O pain to think another shall possess
those balmy lips which I was wont to press!
another on her panting breast shall lie,
and catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!
I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead;
would my clos'd eyes had sunk in endless night
ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
Where'er they pass be blasted every flower,

and hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
Ah, wretched swain! could no examples move
thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas* dy'd,
a victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
around his tomb their tears the Muses paid,
and all things mourn'd but the relentless maid.
Would I could die like him and be at peace!
these torments in the quiet grave would cease;
there my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
and rest, as if my Delia still were kind.
No; let me live her falsehood to upbraid;
some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
Alas! what aid, fond swain! wouldst thou receive?
could thy heart bear to see it's Delia grieve?
Protect her Heaven! and let her never know
the slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
I ask no vengeance from the powers above,
all I implore is never more to love.—
Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference! and heal my breast;
weary'd at length I seek thy downy rest:
no turbulence of passion shall destroy
my future ease with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan! and all ye sylvans! hear
what by your guardian deities I swear;
no more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
no more I 'll court the trait'ress to my arms;
not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
and she shall find that reason conquers love!'

Scarce had he spoke when through the lawn below

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
at once transported he forgot his vow,
(such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
he found her kind and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

To Lord Cobham.

Cobham! to thee this rural lay I bring,
whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing.
Tho' far unequal to those polish'd strains
with which thy Congreve charm'd the list'ning plains,
yet shall it's music please thy partial ear, [dear,
and sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were
recal those years which time has thrown behind,
when smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind,
when all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
delighted less than one successful night:
the sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er,
and while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
this theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
to Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood,
to Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd
in friendly league to favour humankind.
With wanton Cupids in that happy shade
the gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd;
nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train
lurk'd sick Disgust or late-repenting Pain,
nor Force nor Int'rest join'd unwilling hands,
but Love consenting ty'd the blissful bands.

Thither with glad devotion Damon came,
to thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame;
two milkwhite doves he on their altar laid,
and thus to both his grateful homage paid:
'Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd shrine
my Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
while glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove:
and hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires
since Delia now can all it's warmth return,
as fondly languish and as fiercely burn.

'O the dear bloom of last propitious night!
O shade! more charming than the fairest light!
then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
then all my pains one moment overpaid;
then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
Thou too, bright goddess! once in Ida's grove
didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love:
with him while frisking lambs around you play'd,
conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:
scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
and Delia's beauties only yield to thine.

'What are ye now, my once most valu'd joys?
insipid trifles all and childish toys.—
Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.

'Ye Muses! skill'd in every winning art,
teach me more deeply to engage her heart:
ye nymphs! to her your freshest roses bring,
and crown her with the pride of all the spring;
on all her days let health and peace attend;
may she ne'er want nor ever lose a friend!

may some new pleasure every hour employ,
but let her Damon be her highest joy!

'With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
all night caress thee and admire all day;
in the same field our mingled flocks we 'll feed,
to the same spring our thirsty heifers lead;
together will we share the harvest toils,
together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
Delightful state! where peace and love combine
to bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads,
here rising forests lift their verdant heads,
here let me wear my careless life away,
and in thy arms insensibly decay.

'When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
and our slow pulses dance with joy no more,
when time no longer will thy beauties spare,
and only Damon's eye shall think thee fair,
then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
at one soft stroke deprive us both of breath!
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
and the same cypress both our ashes shade!
Perhaps some friendly muse in tender verse
shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
and future ages, with just envy mov'd,
be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.'

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

Written at Eton School, 1729.

Tell me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
a virtue 't is to ancient maids unknown,

and prudes who spy all faults except their own,
lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham! if 't is possible to tell,
what is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise:
secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
for none can envy him whom all must love.
This magic power can make ev'n folly please,
this to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
and sweetens every charm in Celia's face.

ADVICE TO BELINDA.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda! hear,
too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
unlike the flatt'ries of a lover's pen,
such truths as women seldom learn from men;
nor think I praise you ill when thus I show
what female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit 's mine who dare to be sincere,
but greater your's sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
women, like princes, find few real friends;
all who approach them their own ends pursue;
lovers and ministers are seldom true:
hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
and the most trusted guide the most betrays;
hence by fond dreams of fancy'd power amus'd,
when most ye tyrannize you 're most abus'd.

What is your sex's earliest latest care,
your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair:

for this the toilet every thought employs,
hence all the toils of dress and all the joys;
for this hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
and each instructed feature has it's rule;
and yet how few have learnt when this is given
not to disgrace the partial boon of heaven!
How few, with all their pride of form, can move!
How few are lovely that are made for love!
Do you, my Fair! endeavour to possess
an elegance of mind as well as dress;
be that your ornament, and know to please
by graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dang'rous wit a vain pretence,
but wisely rest content with modest sense,
for wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
too strong for feeble woman to sustain;
of those who claim it more than half have none,
and half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
for you the plainest is the wisest rule,
"a cunning woman is a knavish fool."

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
can raise your merit or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statemen in disgrace
at ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene,
without, all beauty, and all peace within;
the honour of a prude is rage and storm;
't is ugliness in it's most frightful form;
fiercely it stands defying gods and men,
as fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
a woman's noblest station is retreat;

her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
domestic worth, which shuns too strong a light.
To rougher man ambition's task resign;
't is our's in senates or in courts to shine,
to labour for a sunk corrupted state,
or dare the rage of Envy and be great.
One only care your gentle breast should move;
th' important bus'ness of your life is love:
to this great point direct your constant aim,
this makes your happiness and this your fame.
Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
with caution chuse, but then be fondly kind;
the selfish heart that but by halves is given,
shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
the virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
not loving first, but loving wrong, is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
nor think that conquest justifies disdain:
short is the period of insulting power;
offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour,
soon will resume the empire which he gave,
and soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
feels every vanity in fondness lost,
and asks no power but that of pleasing most:
her's is the bliss, in just return, to prove
the honest warmth of undissembled love;
for her inconstant man might cease to range,
and gratitude forbid desire to change.
But lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
and roughly blight the tender buds of joy,

let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
that Hymen's bands by Prudence should be ty'd.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown
if angry Fortune on their union frown;
soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
and cloy'd imagination cheat no more:
then waking to the sense of lasting pain
with mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
and that fond love which should afford relief
does but increase the anguish of their grief,
while both could easier their own sorrows bear
then the sad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
than sell your violated charms for gain,
than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate
for the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they
who not to love but av'rice fall a prey:
nor aught avails the specious name of wife;
a maid so wedded is a whore for life.

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
has equal love and easy fortune given,
think not the husband gain'd that all is done;
the prize of happiness must still be won;
and oft the careless find it to their cost
the lover in the husband may be lost:
the graces might alone his heart allure;
they and the virtues meeting must secure.

Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
of care for him and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe
let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The household sceptre if he bids you bear,
make it your pride his servant to appear:

endearing thus the common acts of life
the mistress still shall charm him in the wife,
and wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on
before his eyes perceive one beauty gone;
ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
his constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda! would your charms improve,
and form your heart to all the arts of love:
the task were harder to secure my own
against the power of those already known,
for well you twist the secret chains that bind
with gentle force the captivated mind,
skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
each flattering hope and each alluring joy.
I own your genius, and from you receive
the rules of pleasing which to you I give.

TO THE MEMORY OF LADY LYTTELTON,

A MONODY.

"Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
te veniente die, te decedente canabat."

At length escap'd from every human eye,
from every duty, every care,
that in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
or force my tears their flowing stream to dry,
beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
this lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
and pour forth all my stores of grief;
of grief surpassing every other woe
far as the purest bliss the happiest love
can on the enobled mind bestow

exceeds the vulgar joys which move
our gross desires inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves! ye gently falling rills!
ye high o'er-shadowing hills!
ye lawns! gay smiling with eternal green,
oft have you my Lucy seen!
but never shall you now behold her more,
nor will she now with fond delight
and taste refin'd your rural charms explore:
clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
reason's pure light and virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the dryads of these woods rejoice
to hear her heavenly voice;
for her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
the sweetest songsters of the spring,
the woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more,
the nightingale was mute,
and every shepherd's flute
was cast in silent scorn away,
while all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets! now resume your song,
and thou melodious Philomel!
again thy plaintive story tell,
for death has stopt that tuneful tongue
whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
o'er all the well-known ground,
my Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry,
where oft we us'd to walk,
where oft, in tender talk,
we saw the summer sun go down the sky;
nor by yon fountain's side,
nor where it's waters glide,

along the valley can she now be found.
In all the wide stretch'd prospect's ample bound
no more my mournful eye
can aught of her espy
but the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
where female vanity might wish to shine,
the pomp of cities and the pride of courts:
her modest beauties shun'd the public eye:
to your sequester'd dales
and flower-embroider'd vales,
from an admiring world she chose to fly:
with nature there retir'd and nature's God
the silent paths of wisdom trod,
and banish'd every passion from her breast
but those, the gentlest and the best,
whose holy flames with energy divine
the virtuous heart enliven and improve,
the conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful fawns,
were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
by your delighted mother's side,
who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care
to every virtue would have fram'd your youth,
and strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone
to weep their dire misfortune and thy own!
How shall thy weakened mind oppress'd with woe,
and drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,

perform the duties that you doubly owe,
now she, alas! is gone,
from folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses! when relentless Fate
from these fond arms your fair disciple tore,
from these fond arms, that vainly strove,
with hapless ineffectual love,
to guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your fav'ring power, Aönian maids!
could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
for whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
you open'd all your sacred store,
whate'er your ancient sages taught,
your ancient bards sublimely thought,
and bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
nor in the Thespian vallies did you play,
nor then on Mincio's* bank,
beset with oziers dank,
nor where Clitumnus † rolls his gentle stream,
nor where though hanging woods
steep Anio ‡ pours his floods,
nor yet where Meles || or Illissus ¶ stray.
Ill does it now beseem
that of your guardian care bereft
to dire disease and death your darling should be left.

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.
† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.
‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.
|| The Meles is a river of Iona, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on it's banks, is called Melesigenes.
¶ The Illissus is a river at Athens.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
when light fantastic toys
are all her sex's joys,
with you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome,
and all that in her latter days
to emulate her ancient praise
Italia's happy genius could produce,
or what the gallic fire
bright sparkling could inspire,
by all the Graces temper'd and refin'd,
or what in Britain's isle,
most favour'd with your smile,
the powers of reason and of fancy join'd
to full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
of all these treasures which enrich'd her mind,
to black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

At least, ye Nine! her spotless name
't is your's from death to save,
and in the temple of immortal Fame
with golden characters her worth engrave,
Come then, ye Virgin Sisters! come,
and strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb;
but foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
with accents sweet and sad,
thou, plaintive muse! whom o'er his Laura's urn
unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn,
O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
a more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
how eloquent in every look
through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd
left all the taint of modish vice behind,
and made each charm of polish'd courts agree
with candid Truth's simplicity
and uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
she join'd the soft'ning influence
of more than female tenderness!
How in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy
which oft the care of others' good destroy,
her kindly melting heart
to every want and ev'ry woe,
to Guilt itself, when in distress,
the balm of pity would impart,
and all relief that bounty could bestow!
e'en for the kid or lamb that pour'd it's life
beneath the bloody knife
her gentle tears would fall,
tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all!

Not only good and kind,
but strong and elevated was her mind;
a spirit that with noble pride
could look superior down
on Fortune's smile or frown;
that could without regret or pain
to Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize;
that injur'd or offended never try'd
it's dignity by vengeance to maintain,
but by magnanimous disdain;
a wit which temperately bright
with inoffensive light
all pleasing shone, nor ever past
the decent bounds which Wisdom's sober hand,

and sweet Benevolence's mild command,
and bashful Modesty, before it cast;
a prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
which nor too little nor too much believ'd,
which scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
and, without weakness, knew to be sincere!
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
in life's and glory's freshest bloom,
death came remorseless on and sunk her to the tomb.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide
in the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
when now the wintry tempests all are fled
and genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
the verdant orange lifts it's beauteous head,
from every branch the balmy flowrets rise,
on every bough the golden fruits are seen,
with odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
the wood-nymphs tend it and th' Idalian queen,
but in the midst of all it's blooming pride
a sudden blast from Appenínus blows
cold with perpetual snows,
the tender blighted plant shrinks up it's leaves and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch! from the Elysian bowers,
with never-fading myrtles twin'd,
and fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
tun'd by thy skilful hand
to the soft notes of elegant desire,
with which o'er many a land
was spread the fame of thy disast'rous love;
to me resign the vocal shell

and teach my sorrows to relate
their melancholy tale so well
as may e'en things inanimate,
rough mountain oaks and desert rocks to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compared to mine?
to thee thy mistress in the blissful band
of Hymen never gave her hand;
the joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
she never bore a share,
nor with endearing art
would heal thy wounded heart
of every secret grief that fester'd there:
nor did her fond affection on the bed
of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
whole nights on her unweary'd arm sustain,
and charm away the sense of pain;
nor did she crown your mutual flame
with pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
than when thy virgin charms
were yielded to my arms!
how can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
abandon'd and alone
without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
the dear reward of every virtuous toil,
what pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
e'en the delightful sense of well earn'd praise [raise.
unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could

For my distracted mind
what succour can I find?

or whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me every friend,
your kind assistance lend,
to bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
my dear departed love! so much was thine
that none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
in every other grief,
are now with your idea sadden'd all:
each fav'rite author we together read [dead.
my tortur'd mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy

We were the happiest pair of human kind.
The rolling year it's varying course perform'd
and back return'd again,
another and another smiling came,
and saw our happiness unchang'd remain;
still in her golden chain
harmonious Concord did our wishes bind,
our studies, pleasures, tastes, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke!
that all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
of rare felicity,
on which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
and every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
with soothing hope for many a future day,
in one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay,
nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
or against his supreme decree
with impious grief complain.
That all thy full blown joys at once should fade,
was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
and in these low abodes of sin and pain
her pure exalted soul
unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
up to that unclouded blaze,
that heavenly radiance of eternal light,
in which enthron'd she now with pity sees
how frail, how insecure, how slight,
is every mortal bliss;
e'en love itself, if rising by degrees
beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
it does not to it's sov'reign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul! with hope elate,
and seek those regions of serene delight
whose peaceful path and ever open gate
no feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss;
there Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
there yield up all his power e'er to divide you more.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE,
with Hammond's "Elegies."

All that of love can be exprest
in these soft numbers see,
but, Lucy! would you know the rest?
it must be read in me.

TO THE SAME,
with a new watch.

With me while present may thy lovely eyes
be never turn'd upon this golden toy,
think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,

and measure time by joy succeeding joy!
But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
to me not always will thy sight allow,
then oft with kind impatience look on this,
and every minute count—as I do now.

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

Spoken by Mr. Quin.

I come not here your candour to implore
for scenes whose author is, alas! no more;
he wants no advocate his cause to plead;
you will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
no sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear;
Alas! I feel I am no actor here)
he lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
so clear of int'rest, so devoid of art,
such gen'rous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
no words can speak it, but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth! O faith without a stain!
O manners gently firm and nobly plain!
O sympathizing love of other's bliss!
where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the Man—the Poet well you know,
oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe,
oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
you heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
for his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
none but the noblest passions to inspire;
not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
one line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
Oh! may to-night your favourable doom

another laurel add to grace his tomb,
whilst he superior now to praise or blame,
hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
from whom his pious care is now remov'd,
with whom his lib'ral hand and bounteous heart
shar'd all his little fortune could impart,
if to those friends your kind regard shall give
what they no longer can from his receive,
that, that, e'en now, beyond yon starry pole
may touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

SONG.

When Delia on the plain appears,
aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach but dare not move;
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
no other voice but her's can hear,
no other wit but her's approve:
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
tho' I were once his fondest friend,
his instant enemy I prove:
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
delight in all that pleas'd before,
the clearest spring or shadiest grove:
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
tell me, my heart! if this be love?

SONG.

Say, Myra! why is gentle love
a stranger to that mind
which pity and esteem can move,
which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
the ills which love molest
the jealous doubt, the tender care,
which rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
we every bliss must gain:
the heart can ne'er a transport know
which never feels a pain.

TO THE REV. DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the year 1728.

Say, dearest friend! how roll thy hours away,
what pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
of wise antiquity's immortal lore,
where virtue by the charms of wit refin'd
at once exalts and polishes the mind?
How diff'rent from our modern guilty art,
which pleases only to corrupt the heart,
whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
and teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou, in sage historians, joy to see
how Roman greatness rose with liberty,
how the same hands which tyrants durst control

their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the pole,
till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
the proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire,
yet in her troubled state see all the woes
and all the crimes which giddy Faction knows,
till rent by parties, by corruption sold,
or weakly careless or too rashly bold,
she sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
the slave and tut'ress of protecting Rome?

Does calm Philosophy her aid impart
to guide the passions and to mend the heart?
taught by her precepts, hast thou learn'd the end
to which alone the wise their studies bend,
for which alone by nature were design'd
the powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not like a cloister'd drone to read and dose
in undeserving undeserv'd repose,
but Reason's influence to diffuse, to clear
th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear,
dispel the mists of error and unbind
those pedant chains which clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
he knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
nor vex'd with pangs which busier bosoms tear,
nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care,
safe in the port, yet lab'ring to sustain
those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent,
so Boyle in wisdom found divine content,
so Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
the virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.

Good Wor'ster* thus supports his drooping age,

* Bishop Hough.

far from court-flatt'ry, far from party-rage;
he who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
firm and intrepid on his country's side,
her boldest champion then and now her mildest guide!
O gen'rous warmth! O sanctity divine!
to emulate his worth, my friend! be thine:
learn from his life the duties of the gown,
learn not to flatter nor insult the crown,
nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
nor raise the church a rival to the state:
to error mild, to vice alone severe,
seek not to spread the law of love by fear:
the priest who plagues the world can never mend;
no foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
all force but their's is impious, weak, and vain.

Me other cares in other climes engage,
cares which become my birth and suit my age,
in various knowledge to improve my youth,
and conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth,
by foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
enlarge my notions and my views extend,
the useful science of the world to know,
which books can never teach or pedants show.

A nation here I pity and admire,
whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
to serve with pride and boast the yoke they bear:
whose nobles born to cringe and to command,
in courts a mean, in camps, a gen'rous, band,
from each low tool of power content receive
those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give;
whose people vain in want, in bondage blest,
tho' plunder'd gay, industrious tho' opprest;

with happy follies rise above their fate,
the jest and envy of each wiser state.

Yet here the Muses deign'd awhile to sport
in the short sunshine of a fav'ring court:
here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
who from the ancients like the ancients writ,
permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
by flatt'ring incense to his master's fame;
here Molere, first of Comic wits, excell'd
whate'er Athenian theatres beheld,
by keen yet decent satire skill'd to please,
with morals mirth uniting, strength with ease:
now charm'd I hear the bold Corneille inspire
heroic thoughts with Shakespeare's force and fire;
now sweet Racine with milder influence move
the soften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleasure I survey
the pompous works of arbitrary sway,
proud palaces which drain'd the subject's store
rais'd on the ruins of the oppress'd and poor,
where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
and painted triumphs style Ambition Great.*
With more delight those pleasing shades I view
where Condé from an envious court withdrew,†
where sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(sure judge how empty all who all had try'd!)
beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
and life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury,‡
where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,

* The victories of L. XIV, painted in the galleries of Versailles.
† Chantilly.
‡ St. Cloud.

in the wild riot of unbounded power,
where feverish debauch and impious love
stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
from present joys to dearer left behind.
O native Isle! fair Freedom's happiest seat!
at thought of thee my bounding pulses beat,
at thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
and all my country on my soul returns;
when shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
no power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
when kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
which gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?
when in the shade of laws which long have stood,
propt by their care or strengthen'd by their blood,
of fearless independence wisely vain,
the proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?
Yet oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
whispers within, and bids me not rejoice,
bids me contemplate every state around
from sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound,
bids their lost rights their ruin'd glories see,
and tells me these, like England, once were free!

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, 1728.

Written at Paris.

O thou! whose friendship is my joy and pride,
whose virtues warm me and whose precepts guide;
thou! to whom greatness, rightly understood,

is but a larger power of being good;
say, Poyntz! amidst the toil of anxious state,
does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
thy busy life at length might be thy own,
that to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd
no care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish, for sure the happiest meed
to favour man by smiling heaven decreed
is to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
and calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.

Not him I praise who, from the world retir'd,
by no enliv'ning generous passion fir'd,
on flowery couches slumbers life away,
and gently bids his active powers decay,
who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
and shuns renown as much as infamy;
but blest is he who exercis'd in cares
to private leisure public virtue bears,
who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
and decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
and crowns propitious his declining head;
in his retreats their harps the Muses string,
for him, in lays unbought, spontaneous sing;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
and round the bower where humbly great he lies
fair olives bloom or verdant laurels rise.

So when thy country shall no more demand
the needful aid of thy sustaining hand,
when Peace restor'd shall on her downy wing
secure repose and careless leisure bring,
then to the shades of learned ease retir'd,

the world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
among thy books and friends thou shalt possess
contemplative and quiet happiness,
pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
and painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet tho' thy hours, unclogg'd with sorrow, roll,
tho' Wisdom calm and Science feed thy soul,
one dearer bliss remains to be possest
which only can improve and crown the rest.—
Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
which thy own heart perhaps would better tell:
the point to which our sweetest passions move
is to be truly lov'd and fondly love.
This is the charm which smooths the troubled breast,
friend of our health and author of our rest,
bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
and tunes each jarring string to harmony.
E'en while I write the name of Love inspires
more pleasing thoughts and more enliv'ning fires,
beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
and every tender verse more sweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
some beauteous image well imprinted there
can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
and nature in her rural works admire;
tho' grateful these yet these but faintly charm;
they may delight us but can never warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend! thy bosom fire
with pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire,
and teach thee that soft science, which alone
still to thy searching mind rests slightly known.
Thy soul, tho' great, is tender and refin'd,

to friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
and therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
for heaven shall ratify what they reveal.

'A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
with all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
thy greatness she or thy retreat shall share,
sweeten tranquillity or soften care;
her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
and add new pleasures to renown and praise,
till, charm'd, you own the truth my verse would prove,
that happiness is near ally'd to love.'

TO LORD HERVEY,

In the year 1730. From Worcestershire.

"Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus."—*Hor.*

Fav'rite of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio! by nature form'd in courts to shine,
wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
to thy long absent and forgotten friend,
who after seas and mountains wander'd o'er
return'd, at length to his own native shore,
from all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
beneath the shades of his paternal seat
has found that happiness he sought in vain

on the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'T is not to view the well proportion'd pile,
the charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style,
at soft Italian sounds to melt away,
or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray,
which lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
or makes the fond possessor truly blest:
in our own breasts the source of pleasure lies
still open and still flowing to the wise,
not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
but in it's proper channels gliding fair
a common benefit which all may share:
yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
false is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain.
So idle yet so restless are our minds,
we climb the Alps and brave the raging winds;
through various toils to seek content we roam,
which with but thinking right were our's at home:
for not the ceaseless change of shifted place
can from the heart a settled grief erase,
nor can the purer balm of foreign air
heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch by wild impatience driven to rove,
vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
from pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
with equal pain each different clime he tries,
and is himself that torment which he flies.
For how should ills which from our passions flow
be chang'd to Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
or how can aught but powerful reason cure
what from unthinking folly we endure?

Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
his heart's uneasy discord to compose,
in generous love of other's good to find
the sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
to bound his wishes in their proper sphere,
to nourish pleasing hope and conquer anxious fear:
this was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
this was the sov'reign good they justly sought,
this to no place or climate is confin'd,
but the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
the useful practice of philosophy:
Horace the wisest of the tuneful choir,
not always chose from greatness to retire,
but in the palace of Augustus knew
the same unerring maxims to pursue
which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
his study and his happiness he made.

May you my friend! by his example taught,
view all the giddy scene with sober thought,
undazzled every glitt'ring folly see,
and in the midst of slavish forms be free;
in it's own centre keep your steady mind,
let prudence guide you, but let honour bind:
in show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
but be a country gentleman at heart.

TO MR. GLOVER,

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

Go on, my friend! the noble task pursue,
and think thy genius is thy country's due:
to vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
but liberty and virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, tho' grac'd with every charm,
the patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise
by great examples drawn from better days:
no longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
what Sparta scorn'd instructed to admire,
nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end,
nó gen'rous purpose can enlarge the mind,
no social care, no labour for mankind,
where mean self-int'rest every action guides,
in camps commands, in cabinets presides,
where Luxury consumes the guilty store
and bids the villain be a slave for more.

Hence, wretched nation! all thy woes arise,
avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
servants which rule, and senates which obey.

O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
that deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
that suffers public wrongs and public shame,
in council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state,
a load of debt to ease by frugal care,

her trade to guard, her harrass'd poor to spare?
Is it like honest Somers to inspire
the love of laws and Freedom's sacred fire?
Is it like wise Godolphin to sustain
the balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil
only to aid the wreck and share the spoil?
on each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
with partial wantonness, the golden shower,
and fenc'd by strong corruption to despise
an injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouse, Britons! rouse: if sense of shame be weak,
let the loud voice of threat'ning danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia, once o'er every land
prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
a calm spectatress of the general fate,
or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power;
our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour:
no later term the angry gods ordain;
this crisis lost we shall be wise in vain.

And thou, great poet! in whose nervous lines
the native majesty of Freedom shines,
accept this friendly praise, and let me prove
my heart not wholly void of public love;
tho' not like thee I strike the sounding string
to notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
but idly sporting in the secret shade
with tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

VERSES.

to be written under a picture of Mr. Poyntz.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
a hand or colours to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
in a false world which dares to be sincere;
wise without art, without ambition great,
tho' firm yet pliant, active tho' sedate:
with all the richest stores of learning fraught,
yet better still by native prudence taught:
which fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
can pity frailties it could never feel;
which when misfortune su'd ne'er sought to know
what sect, what party, whether friend or foe:
which fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
despises calumny and shuns applause;
which to it's own perfections singly blind
would for another think this praise design'd.

ON READING MISS CARTER'S POEMS IN MANUSCRIPT.

Such were the notes which struck the wond'ring ear
of silent Night when on the verdant banks
of Siloe's hallow'd brook celestial harps
according to seraphic voices sung,
"Glory to God on high, and on the earth
peace and good will to men!"—Resume the lyre,
chantress divine! and every Briton call
it's melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
more powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
the savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend

at pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse
like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
to guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
of Britain's poetess the Virtues twine
a nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
of ——— to fix it on her brows.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

Translated 1729,-30.

Devitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.

Let others heap of wealth a shining store,
and, much possessing, labour still for more;
let them disquieted with dire alarms
aspire to win a dang'rous fame in arms;
me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
humbly secure and indolently blest;
warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
in summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
in autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
and oft to Delia in my bosom bear
some kid or lamb which wants it's mother's care:
with her I'll celebrate each gladsome day
when swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay;
with her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
and deck, with ripen'd fruits, Pomona's bower.
At night how soothing would it be to hear,
safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
slumber assisted by the beating shower!

Ah! how much happier than the fool who braves,
in search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
while I, contented with my little store,
in tedious voyage seek no distant shore,
but idly lolling on some shady seat,
near cooling fountains, shun the Dogstar's heat:
for what reward so rich could Fortune give
that I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let great Messala shine in martial toils,
and grace his palace with triumphal spoils,
me Beauty holds in strong tho' gentle chains,
far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love! to pass my tranquil days
how would I slight Ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love! to yoke
the ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
how downy should I think the woodland bed!

The wretch who sleeps not by his fair one's side,
detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
nor knows his weary weeping eyes to close,
tho' murm'ring rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart who thee, my fair! could leave
for all the honours prosp'rous war can give,
tho' through the vanquish'd east he spread his fame,
and Parthian tyrants tremble at his name,
tho' bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
with martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
with thee I'll live and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
thee may my fault'ring hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia! then thy heart will melt in woe,
then o'er my breatbless clay thy tears will flow,

thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind:
but ah! fair mourner! I conjure thee, spare
thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair;
wound not thy form, lest on th' Elysian coast
thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.
But now nor death nor parting should employ
our sprightly thoughts or damp our bridal joy:
we'll live, my Delia! and from life remove
all care, all bus'ness, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
which youth alone can taste, alone can give:
then let us snatch the moment to be blest;
this hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

In the ninth book of Lucan.

Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.

What, Labienus! would thy fond desire
of horned Jove's prophetic shrine enquire,
whether to seek in arms a glorious doom
or basely live and see a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay,
if impious Force can honest minds dismay,
or Probity may Fortune's frown disdain,
if well to mean is all that Virtue can,
and right, dependent on itself alone,
gains no addition from success—'t is known:
fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
and Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
Our souls, ally'd to God, within them feel
the secret dictates of th' Almighty will;
this is his voice, be this our oracle.

When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
all that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the omnipresent Mind
has truth to Lybia's desert sands confin'd,
there known to few, obscur'd and lost to lie.—
Is there a temple of the Deity
except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole,
and chief his holiest shrine the virtuous soul?
Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
this wide, this boundless universe, is Jove.
Let abject minds which doubt because they fear
with pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
this Jove has told, he needs not tell us more.

ODE, IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

O primavera gioventu del anno.

Written abroad in 1729.

Parent of blooming flowers and gay desires,
youth of the tender year, delightful Spring!
at whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
the am'rous nightingale and poet sing;

again dost thou return, but not with thee
return the smiling hours I once possest;
blessings thou bringst to others, but to me
the sad remembrance that I once was blest.

Thy faded charms which Winter snatch'd away,
renew'd in all their former lustre shine,
but ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
or know the vernal joys which have been mine.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flowers adorn the green,
tho' on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear,
harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
the odour faint, for Delia is not there.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
from thee, while absent, I in exile rove;
thy lovely presence, fairest light! alone
can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

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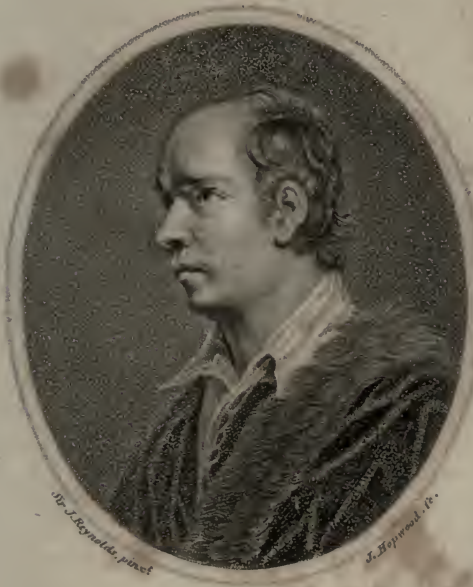
G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

POEMS
by
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.
with the Authors Life



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THE LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.

It has been observed by Goldsmith himself, in his account of Parnell, that "The life of a scholar seldom abounds with adventures; his fame is acquired in solitude; and the historian who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions by which he is scarcely distinguished from the rest of mankind." The events of Goldsmith's life form, however, an exception to his own opinion, for they were diversified and chequered. Oliver Goldsmith was the second son of the rev. Charles Goldsmith, a native of the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, a clergyman of the established church, who had been educated at Dublin College. Before he had acquired any preferment, he married Anne, daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the Diocesan School at Elphin, and afterwards obtained the living of Kilkenny west. Her mother's brother the Rev. —Green, at that time rector of Kilkenny West, lent the young couple the house in which our poet was born; and at his death, the rev. Charles Goldsmith succeeded him in his benefice. He had five sons and two daughters. Of his eldest son, the rev. Henry Goldsmith, to whom his brother dedicated his *Traveller*, their father had formed the most sanguine hopes, but he unfortunately married at the early age of nineteen; which confined him to a curacy, and obstructed his rising in the church.

Oliver was born at a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney, and county of Longford, the twenty-

ninth day of November, 1728, after an interval of seven years from the birth of the former child, and the liberal education which the father was bestowing on his eldest son, left him the means only of proposing to bring up Oliver to some mercantile employment. He was instructed, therefore, in reading, writing, and arithmetic, by the village schoolmaster, who had been a quarter-master in the army in Queen Anne's wars. This man, whose notions were romantic, frequently entertained Oliver with accounts of his travels and adventures, which are supposed to have tainted the scholar with that wandering and unsettled propensity which marked so strongly his future life. A singularity of character indeed appeared in Oliver's earliest years. Mostly serious and reserved, but at some times, in spirits uncommonly lively and agreeable. At the age of seven or eight, he discovered a propensity to compose poetry, and as soon as he could write, he scribbled verses, which he burnt. His mother observing a natural propensity in Oliver to books and learning, pleaded much that he should have a liberal education, but the father's narrow income, and numerous family, were insurmountable obstacles. Oliver was, however, placed, under the rev. — Griffin, then schoolmaster of Elphin, and was received into the house of his father's brother, John Goldsmith, esq. of Ballyoughter near that town. The following anecdote of Oliver's early wit is said to have decided in his matter; and some of his relations, particularly the rev. Thomas Contarine, who had married Oliver's aunt, offered to contribute towards the expense. The rev. — Greene, also liberally assisted. A party of young people having assembled at his uncle's, Oli-

ver, at that time but nine years old, was required to dance a hornpipe, a youth playing at the same time on a violin. Being just recovered from the small pox, by which he was much marked, and his figure being short and thick, the musician took occasion to compare him to Æsop dancing. Pleased with this thought, he kept harping on the idea; but his vanity received a sudden check by the stopping short of Oliver in the dance, with this retort:

Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
'See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.'

Oliver was removed to the school of Athlone, about five miles from his father's house, and remained there for about two years, under the care of the rev. Campbel, who at that period declined the school for want of health. He was then sent to the rev. Patrick Hughes, at Edgeworthstown in the county of Longford, where he was fitted for the University. From this master he profited more than from either of the others, as he conversed with him on terms very different from what is customary between master and scholar. This circumstance was afterwards always mentioned by Dr. Goldsmith with respect and gratitude. In June 1744, Oliver was sent to Dublin college, and entered under the rev. — Wilder, one of the fellows. Wilder was a man of a harsh temper and violent passions, and Oliver was thoughtless and unguarded, which caused much disagreement. Oliver indiscretely happened to invite some of his acquaintance in the city, to partake of a supper and dance in his rooms. The tutor entered in the midst of their revelry, and proceeded not only to personal abuse, but to manual chastisement. The disgrace which at-

tended this cruel treatment drove the lad to despair, and he determined to remove to some country, where, unknown, he might seek his fortune. He accordingly disposed of his books, &c., and quitted the college, but loitered about Dublin till he had only a shilling left in his pocket. On this shilling he supported himself, as he affirmed, for three days, and then disposed of the clothes from off his back. He was reduced to such extremity of famine, that, after fasting twenty-four hours, he thought a handful of gray peas, which a girl gave him at a wake, a most delicious repast. By this time reflection recurred, and, prodigal like, he was desirous of returning to his father's house. From that house he was not now far distant, and he contrived to send for his brother, who came to him, clothed, and took him back to college, where something like a reconciliation with his tutor was effected. Soon after this event, his worthy father died, of whom he has given an account in the "Citizen of the World," under the character of "the man in black." His good uncle Contarine endeavoured to supply this loss, and formed an intention of fitting him for holy orders; but Oliver had no inclination for that profession. He was induced to offer himself a candidate to bishop Synge, but was rejected, it is said, either from neglect of the professional studies, or from a report of irregularities at college. His uncle, however, procured for him the office of private tutor in the family of a neighbouring gentleman, where he continued about a year; but having saved about thirty pounds, and being averse to confinement, he procured a good horse, and quitted the country. After an absence of six weeks, without hearing what

had become of him, his friends concluded he had quitted the kingdom. He however, unexpectedly, returned to his mother's house without a penny, on a poor little horse, which he called Fiddle-Back, not worth twenty shillings. His mother was highly offended, but his brothers and sisters, who were present at the interview, completed a reconciliation. It appeared that he had been at Cork, where he had sold his horse, and paid for his passage to America. The winds having proved contrary for three weeks, he had engaged in an excursion into the country. On that very day the winds proved fair, and the captain set sail without him. He remained at Cork till he had only 2l. 5s. 6d., out of which he paid forty shillings for Fiddle-Back: With the remaining 5s. 6d. he set out on a journey of 120 miles, intending to visit on the road, not far from Cork, a dear college friend, who had often urged him to spend a summer at his house, and on whose assistance Oliver depended for supplies. In this state of expectancy he had given half his little stock to a poor woman on his way, who had solicited relief for herself and eight children, their father having been seized for rent and thrown into a jail. Arriving at the house of his friend, he found him just recovering from a severe indisposition, in his cap and slippers, but who expressed the greatest joy in seeing him, and eagerly enquired what fortunate occasion had so happily brought him into that country. Oliver overjoyed in thinking his distresses were now at an end, concealed no part of them from his host. To excite his sympathy, he represented, in the strongest terms, not only his present destitute condition, but the little prospect he had of returning home. His affecting

tale appeared to be heard in melancholy silence; which he attributed to the tenderest compassion, and the frequent sighs of his friend, as he walked about the room, rubbing his hands, and deeply lost in thought, consoled him exceedingly during the recital. The silence of his friend was indeed so profound, that it allowed him still further leisure to expatiate on his hopeless situation. But this important silence was at length terminated by a dry observation of his host, which urged the inconvenience of his situation for receiving company, that he had no provision in the house for a healthy person; he had nothing but slops and milk diet; of which, if Mr. Goldsmith pleased, he might partake, but he feared it would not soon be ready. To a hungry traveller, who had fasted a whole day, this was dismal news. After some time, however, an old woman appeared and spread the table, on which she placed a small bowl of sago for her master, and a porringer of sour milk, with a piece of brown bread for his guest. The meal was soon dispatched; the invalid pleaded the necessity of going early to bed; and poor Oliver was left to his own reflections.

Consulting with his friend in the morning, on his unfortunate situation, he was advised to hasten home without loss of time, as his family were undoubtedly highly offended at his absence. Oliver then ventured to solicit the loan of a guinea for the support of himself and his horse on the road. His host answered him by gravely advising him not to run into debt, "you had better, my dear friend," said he, "sell your horse for money to bear your expenses, and I will furnish you with another for the journey." When Oliver desired him to produce the steed, he

drew from under the bed an oaken staff. The poor youth was so provoked at this, that he was going to apply it to his pate, but at that moment a loud knocking at the gate gave notice of the approach of a visitant. This proved to be a neighbouring gentleman of a very engaging aspect; to whom, with perfect composure our young traveller was presented as the very ingenious young friend who had been mentioned to him with high encomiums while they were at college. The visit concluded with an invitation to the two friends of dining with that gentleman on the morrow. To this Oliver at first objected, but as he really stood in want of a dinner, at length he consented, and was highly pleased with the entertainment. Their host had discovered something was amiss between the two fellow collegians, and he insisted that Mr. Goldsmith should stay and spend some days at his house. When his friend took leave, Oliver desired that he would take care of the horse he had so kindly offered him, and not surfeit his friends with slops and milk diet. This was retorted with a sneer; and on remaining at a more hospitable mansion, Oliver related the particulars of his treatment to his liberal entertainer, who laughed heartily, and assured him it agreed with his neighbour's general character. Here our wanderer was kindly treated; urged to prolong his stay; offered a supply of money; and a man and horse to attend him home. After three days most agreeably spent in the company of this worthy gentleman, and and his two beautiful daughters, Oliver took his leave. He refused the offer of the servant and horse, but accepted the loan of three half guineas. Arriving once more at home, he related to his mother what

had befallen him and concluded by saying, "and, now, dear mother, after having struggled so hard to come home to you, I wonder you are not more glad to see me." Not one present, however, was wanting in expressions of joy at his return. His uncle Contarine, was also reconciled to him, and resolved to send him to the Temple, in order that he might qualify himself for the profession of the law. But a new disaster defeated this intention. In his way to London, he met at Dublin with a sharper, who tempted him to play, and who, by that mean, emptied his pockets of fifty pounds, with which he had been furnished for his voyage and journey. Disgraced and distressed, he was compelled again to return to his poor mother, whose sorrow at his miscarriages need not be described. Again he was received, again forgiven, and it was finally decided that he should be bred to the study of physic. On the 11th of June, 1744, he was admitted a sizer of Trinity College, Dublin, under the tuition of Theaker Wilder; but whatever hopes might have been formed of his attaining here the distinctions of genius and learning, they were completely blasted by the unfortunate quarrel which has been mentioned, between him and his tutor. In such circumstances, it was not to be expected that Goldsmith could be a candidate for the usual premiums, nor should we wonder that he did not obtain a scholarship: yet on June 15th, 1747, he was elected one of the exhibitioners on the foundation of Erasmus Smyth. Under the tuition of T. Wilder (a man of the most morose and merciless temper, who took every opportunity of degrading him before his fellow-students, by sarcastic taunts and ironic applauses, of the severest malignity)

the indolence of Goldsmith grew habitual. His genius, however, sometimes dawned through the gloom. Translations from the classics, occasionally made by him at this period, are still remembered by his cotemporaries with applause. On the 27th of February, 1749, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. By the assistance of his uncle Contarine, whose persevering friendship was extended to him under every difficulty, he was removed from Ireland to Edinburgh, about the latter end of the year 1752. Among many instances, which might be mentioned of Goldsmith's heedlessness and absence at this period, the following may be recorded. Having on his arrival from Leith to Edinburgh employed a cawdy or porter, to take his luggage, he set off in search of a lodging, which having engaged, and ordered the cawdy to leave his portmanteau there, he sallied forth to explore the city, without having enquired the name of his landlady, or that of the street in which she lived. Having wandered about till it was dark, he recollected his omission, and had he not fortunately met the porter whom he had employed, he might probably have remained all night in the street. At Edinburgh, he attended the lectures of Monro, and the other professors of medicine; but his attention to his studies was not regular. His health was considerably injured, and his pocket frequently drained, by mixing too often in scenes of dissipation. When Goldsmith had gone through the usual courses at Edinburgh, he was encouraged by his beneficent uncle to remove to Leyden, for the purpose of completing his medical studies. His departure is said to have been accellerated by too generously having contracted a debt, by be-

ing surety for a fellow student. For this debt he was arrested, but soon liberally released by his two collegiate friends, Mr. Lauglane Maclane and Dr. Sleigh.

In his voyage to Holland, he met with a very singular adventure, and had a very narrow escape from shipwreck. It is related as follows, in a letter written by himself, to his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, from Leyden. "Sometime after the receipt of your last, I embarked for Bourdeaux, on board a Scotch ship called the St. Andrews, Capt. John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-on-Tyne. We all went on shore to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore, and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open: enters a serjeant and twelve grenadiers with their bayonets screwed: and puts us all under the King's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured, all I could, to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison, with the rest, a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt; for if it were once known at the university, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how providence interposed in my favour. The ship was gone on to Bourdeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship

at that time ready for Holland: I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God, I arrived safe at Rotterdam; whence I travelled by land to Leyden; and whence I now write." He resided at Leyden about a year, and studied chemistry under Gaubius, and anatomy under Albinus. In this situation he suffered many vicissitudes of fortune; for here he discovered himself much addicted to gaming, a practice which occasioned all the future hardships which he underwent, and in the fatal consequences of which originated those deviations from integrity and honour which sullied his moral character. One morning he came to a fellow student, [the late Dr. Ellis, Clerk of the Irish House of Commons.] with his pockets literally full of money, and with exultation counted out a large sum, which he had won the preceding evening. His friend earnestly pressed him to play no more, but to secure his present gains as a fund for completing his medical studies. Oliver, was always saw what was right, tho' he was not always able to pursue it, highly approved this advice, and declared his firm resolution was to make it the rule of his future conduct. But the seductions of the gaming-table baffled all his good resolutions: he soon after resorted to it again and was stripped of every shilling. In this exigence, the gentleman just mentioned, afforded him pecuniary assistance, with which he formed a resolution to quit Holland and visit the adjacent countries. But, unfortunately, he happened to visit a garden where the choicest flowers were reared for sale. His uncle was an admirer of such rarities. He was tempted to purchase some costly roots, to be sent as a present. Poor Goldsmith did not once reflect on the reduced state

of his own finances. He left himself so little cash that he is said to have set out on his travels with only one shirt in his pocket, and no money. He now resolved to make the tour of Europe on foot, and to trust to Providence for his resources. It is probable he alludes to this circumstance in his "Enquiry into the present State of Polite Literature in Europe," ch. xiii, where he says, that "Countries wear very different appearances to travellers of different circumstances. A man who is whirled through Europe in his post-chaise, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions, *Haud inexpertus loquor*." [in description no ways inexpert.] Tho' his classical learning was not profound, it procured him a cordial reception at the monasteries. And in some of the foreign universities and convents, theses are, on certain days, maintained against any adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion acquits himself with dexterity, he may claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for the night. This was a fortunate resource for our rambler. "Thus," says he, "I fought my way from convent to convent, walked from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture." Goldsmith possessed a body capable of sustaining fatigue, and a mind not easily terrified by danger. He had acquired some knowledge of the French language, and of music; he played also on the German Flute, which he found a very useful accomplishment, as it sometimes afforded him the means of subsistence, among the peasants of Flanders and Germany, which all his other qualities would have failed to obtain. The account he frequently gave of his travels so ex-

actly resembled those of the wanderer in his "Vicar of Wakefield," that the following particulars certainly apply to himself. "Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play to people of fashion, but they thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle." In this manner he travelled through Flanders, and some parts of France and Germany, till he arrived at Switzerland, where, from his dedication to his "Traveller," he appears first to have cultivated his poetic talents with success. He then went to Padua in Italy, where he remained six months. He visited also Venice, Verona, and Florence. But losing his good uncle and generous benefactor, while in Italy, he bent his footsteps towards England, and landed at Dover about the breaking out of the war in 1756. Such is the account which Goldsmith usually gave of this peregrination, of about one year. He had crossed the sea, but the tide of adversity was still to stem. He attempted to obtain the station of an assistant to a school or academy, but a recommendation was wanting. Oliver had assumed a feigned name which rendered any reference difficult. He wrote however to Dr. Radcliff, a mild benevolent man, who had been joint tutor with the malignant Wilder, in Trinity College. To him he explained his situation, and requested an answer might be returned to another letter of enquiry from the schoolmaster. This request was readily complied with. Ashamed, weary, and disgusted with this situation, he applied to several apothecaries to be received as a journeyman

but his threadbare coat, uncouth figure, and broad Irish accent, operated against his reception. In this forlorn state, he was, at length, obliged to submit to the humble condition of an assistant in the laboratory of a chemist near Fish-street-hill. From this drudgery he was released by the kindness of his friend Dr. Sleigh, an old fellow-student, at Edinburgh, whom he found in London. By him Goldsmith was affectionately received, and supplied with money. Thus fortunately assisted, he had recourse to his original profession of physic, at the Bankside in Southwark; from whence he removed to the Temple, or it's neighbourhood. It appears however that his pecuniary emoluments in this way of life, were small; for he used to confess, that although he had many patients, he obtained no fees. It was at this time that he engaged in literary pursuits, which supplied the defects of his medical practice; and he renewed his acquaintance with several young physicians whom he had known at Edinburgh, particularly with a son of the rev. Dr. Milner, a dissenting minister, who superintended a classical school at Peckham in Surry. Goldsmith was invited to take charge of that school during the indisposition of Dr. Milner, by which the doctor was confined a long time, and which terminated with his death. Dr. Milner, had, however, provided him a medical establishment under the East India Company, and Goldsmith had a regular appointment in the year 1758, as physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel. To prepare for his equipment, he drew up proposals for printing by subscriptions of five shillings, his production of *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in*

Europe. But he was diverted from his purpose of visiting Asia, by a reluctance to part from his friends, and by his literary avocations. In 1758, he engaged with Mr. Griffiths, the publisher and proprietor of the "Monthly Review," to become a writer in that literary journal, who offered board, lodging, and a handsome salary. At the end of seven or eight months this contract however terminated. Our author took lodgings in Green Arbour-court, in the Old Bailey, where he completed his *Present State of Literature*, printed for Dodsley, 1759, 12mo. A friend paying him a visit at this time, found him in a dirty room, in which there was but one chair, which, when Goldsmith had resigned, his seat was in the window. He afterwards removed to very decent lodgings in Wine-office-court, Fleet-street, where he wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and had to suffer the mortification of being put under arrest for debt. When Dr. Johnson heard of his situation he went to his assistance; disposed of his manuscript to Mr. Newbery, the bookseller, for sixty pounds, and procured his enlargement. When Goldsmith first took up his residence in that court he was not personally acquainted with Johnson. In the spring of 1763, Goldsmith removed to lodgings at Canonbury-house, in Islington; and became much connected with Mr. Newbery, a man deservedly esteemed as a good judge and liberal rewarder of merit. For him he corrected and revised the "Art of Poetry," in two vol. 12mo., and wrote the "Life of Beau Nash," in 8vo.; and other publications. Here also he wrote his *Letters on English History*, 2 vol. 12mo., in the assumed character of a nobleman to his son; which

have been attributed to Lord Lyttelton, the Earl of Orrery, and others, but were really the production of Oliver Goldsmith. The work, however, on which the vigour of his genius was displayed, is "*The Traveller, or a Prospect of Society*," first printed in 1765. While his choicest hours were devoted to this poem he was necessitated to dispatch other slight articles for immediate subsistence. In this manner, while he was writing his "Enquiry, &c." for Dodsley, he conducted for Wilkie, a "Lady's Magazine," and joined with some literary associates in a miscellaneous publication, called the "Bee," 1759, small 8vo. His best production of this kind was a series of letters in the character of a Chinese philosopher, originally published in a periodic work called "The Public Ledger," but afterwards collected into two volumes 12mo., printed for Newbery, 1762, and entitled *The Citizen of the World.* A selection of his best fugitive pieces, containing papers, with some improvements, from these publications, was given to the world under the title of *Essays*, 1765. On the accession of his Majesty King George the third, the Earl of Bute, then prime minister, dispensed, in several instances the royal bounty in pensions and benefactions to men of genius and learning. To Lord Bute, Goldsmith made application for a salary to enable him to put in execution a visionary project of going to Aleppo, to acquire a knowledge of arts peculiar to the East, in order to introduce them into Britain. With a design of paving the way to success, he drew up an ingenious essay on this subject, which appears in his "Citizen of the World;" but obscure and unfriended, his petition or memorial was unnoticed and neglected. His "Traveller,"

however, procured him the unsolicited friendship of Lord Nugent, afterwards Earl of Clare; who commended him to the Earl of Northumberland, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Returning from Ireland in 1764, this nobleman invited the poet to an interview. Goldsmith, unfortunately, in waiting on his excellency, mistook his groom of the chambers for himself, and lavished on the later the complimentary address he had prepared for the former. When the Lord Lieutenant appeared, he was so much embarassed that he was unable to explain the object of his wishes. His lordship told him he had read his poem of the "Traveller," that he was much delighted with it, that he was going to Ireland, and that hearing he was a native of that country should be glad to do him any kindness. Goldsmith could say nothing but that he had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. In 1764, Goldsmith fixed his residence in the Temple, where he ever afterwards remained; first in the library stair-case, afterwards in the King's Bench Walk, and ultimately at elegantly furnished chambers, 2, in Brick-court.

About this time Goldsmith's reputation introduced him to a Literary Society, which met and supped together every Friday evening at the Turk's-head, in Gerard-street, Soho. The first members were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson; Mr. Burke, Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Langton, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Chamier, and Mr. Dyer. In 1765, Dr. Goldsmith printed his beautiful ballad of the *Hermit*, the story of which was probably taken from a very ancient piece beginning "Gentle Heardsman," &c. which has a place in "The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." In

the last London edition of our author's works, in 1801, the following stanza, is added after that which ends "But these were all to me," said to have been received from the author himself, and communicated by Richard Archdal, esq.

> "And when, beside me in the dale,
> he carol'd lays of love,
> his breath lent fragrance to the gale,
> and music to the groye."

Succeeding as a critic, a novelist, and a moral poet, Dr. Goldsmith was encouraged to court the Dramatic Muse, and in 1768, his first play, *The good natured Man*, was acted at Covent-garden, with less approbation than it deserved. Many parts of it exhibit the strongest indications of comic talents. There is, perhaps, no character on the stage more happily imagined nor more highly finished than that of *Croaker*. While he was engaged in this comedy, he wrote various histories, prefaces, and introductions. As an author by profession, he was full of business. He was indeed so much patronized by the booksellers, and his emoluments were so great, that had he possessed a small portion of prudence, he might have secured that independence, the want of which embittered his latter days, and contributed to shorten his life. His works of this period were his *Roman History*, in 2 vol. 8vo., compiled chiefly from Livy; and afterwards an *Abridgment* of it in one volume 12mo., both printed for Thomas Davies; for whom he also compiled a *History of England*, in 4 vol. 8vo. These performances were calculated to attract and interest young readers, but they enter into no critical discussions, and are often superficial and inaccurate. His admirable poem, *The Deserted Village*

was published in 1769, and had a very rapid sale. The following remarks relating to this poem occur in Davis's "Travels in the United States of America," 8vo. 1803. They are given by this writer on the authority of a Mr. Best, who communicated them. "The Deserted Village relates to scenes in which Goldsmith was an actor. Auburn is a poetic name for the village of Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath Barony, Kilkenny West. The name of the schoolmaster was Paddy Burns. "He was indeed a man severe and stern to view." A woman called Walsey Cruse, kept the alehouse. I have often been in the house. The hawthorn was remarkably large, and stood opposite. I was once riding," said Mr. Best, "with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he exclaimed, Ma foi, Best, this huge over-grown bush, is mightily in the way; I will order it to be cut down." 'What, sir,' said I, 'cut down Goldsmith's "thorn," which supplies so beautiful an image in the Deserted Village?' "Ma foi," returned the bishop, "is that the hawthorn bush? then ever let it be sacred to the edge of the axe, and evil be to him who would cut from it a branch!"—page 113. Goldsmith, from his own confession, was collecting materials during four or five years, in all his country excursions for this production; and was actually engaged in it's construction during two years. The Rev. Charles Goldsmith is allowed, by all who knew him, to have been faithfully represented by his son in the character of the Village Preacher, in this poem. Tho' Goldsmith wrote prose with great facility, he was slow in his poetry, not from the tardiness of his imagination, but from the time he took in pointing the sentiment, andp olishing the versification. It is said, he first

sketched a part of his design in prose, in which he threw out his ideas as they occurred to him; he then carefully versified them, added, corrected, and improved. To save himself the trouble of transcription, he wrote the lines of his first copy very wide, and filled up the intermediate space with, sometimes, so many corrections, that scarcely a word of the first copy was left unaltered. In 1769, his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds procured for him the appointment of Professor of Ancient History, in the Royal Academy of Painting; a mere complimentary distinction, without any emolument or trouble, which gave him a respectable seat at their meetings.

In 1771, he prefixed a *Life of Parnell*, to a new edition of that author's poems, in which the want of incidents in the private life of a scholar, is very ingeniously supplied by the biographer's reflections. In this year our author also wrote the *Life of Lord Bolingbroke*, prefixed to the "Dissertation on Parties," printed for T. Davies. His *History of Greece* in two volumes 8vo. came out also about this time.

His next original work was his comedy of "*She Stoops to Conquer*," which appeared at Covent-Garden, on the 15th of March, 1773. It is said, he cleared £800 by this play. One of Dr. Goldsmith's last publications was, *An History of the Earth and animated Nature*, in 8 vol. 8vo. 1774; which he had been preparing for two or three years before. For this work he is said to have been paid £850. The elegance and purity of the style, the interesting and striking reflections with which it abounds, and the powers of description which so frequently appear, will amply attone for the want of original information, and for occasional mistakes, which could

not be avoided by a writer who took his materials chiefly on trust. His incomings at this time must have amounted to a considerable sum: yet his liberality to poor authors, such as Purdon, Jack Pilkington, Dr. Hiffernan, &c., and his ridiculous and unfortunate habit of gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted, caused him ever to be considerably in debt. Goldsmith's habits of life were ever unsettled, his supplies precarious, and so little accustomed was he to regulating his expences by any economical rule, that his debts continually exceeded his resources. Dr. Goldsmith wrote about this time, at intervals, his poem of *Retaliation*, and some other sportive sallies, which were not printed till after his death. That poem was written in answer to some illiberal attacks in a club of literary friends. When he had advanced as far as the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he read this poem to his associates, but did not intend to publish it. He kept it, as he expressed himself to a friend, "a rod in pickle for a future occasion;" but this occasion never presented itself: for that awful period was approaching, in which "kings, as well as poets, cease from their labours." Just before his Death, he had formed a design for executing "An Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences;" but the plan met with no encouragement. Goldsmith's generosity, or profusion, was without bounds. He was so humane in his disposition, that his last guinea was the general boundary of his munificence. Besides keeping two or three poor authors always as pensioners, he had several widows and poor housekeepers; and when his money was exhausted, he sent them away with shirts or old clothes, and sometimes with the whole contents of

his breakfast-table, saying, after they were gone, with a smile of satisfaction, "Now let me suppose, I have ate a hearty breakfast, and am nothing out of pocket." His general carelessness with respect to money-matters, appears to have been his predominant failing. Tho' in the course of fourteen years, the produce of his pen is said to have amounted to more than eight thousand pounds, yet his income bore no proportion to his expenses. He became embarrassed in his circumstances, and in consequence, uneasy, fretful and peevish. To this was added a violent strangury, with which he was some years afflicted. This disorder was probably caused by the intemperate manner in which he confined himself to his desk when he was employed in his compilations. He was often for several weeks without taking any exercise. At those times he usually lodged at some farm house, a few miles out of London, and wrote without intermission till he had finished his task. He then took his copy to the bookseller, received his compensation, and immediately devoted himself, month after month, to the gaieties, amusements, and company of his acquaintance in London. In the Spring of 1774, he was attacked with his usual malady, which, aggravated by mental distress, brought on a kind of habitual despondency, wherein he used to express a great indifference to life. In this state he was attacked, in March, by a nervous fever, which became so violent that he called in medical assistance. Although he had taken ipecacuanha to promote a vomit, he was obstinate in proceeding to the use of James's Fever Powder, contrary to the advice of the medical gentlemen who attended him. From the application of these pow-

ders by Dr. James himself, he had received the greatest benefit in a similar attack in September 1772. But now the progress of the disease was most unfavourable; and a gradual increase of alarming symptoms terminated in his dissolution the 4th of April 1774, after an illness of ten days, in the forty-fifth year of his age. He was buried in the Temple Church-yard, the 9th of the same month. A pompous funeral was intended; but a slight inspection into his affairs shewed the impropriety of that design, and most of his friends sent excuses. A few coffee-house acquaintance, rather suddenly collected, attended his remains to the grave. Some years after his death, a monument, by Nollikens, was erected in Westminister Abbey, at the expense of the literary club to which he belonged; it consists of a large medallion, with a good resemblance of the Doctor, in profile, embellished with appropriate ornaments; and underneath, on a tablet of white marble is inscribed the following epitaph, written by Dr. Samuel Johnson:

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit,
nullum quod tetigit non ornavit;
sive risus essent movendi,
sive lacrymæ,
affectuum potens, at lenis dominator;
ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis;
oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus;
hoc monumento memoriam coluit
sodalium amor,
amicorum fides,
lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hibernià, Forniæ Longfordiensis,
in loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. 29, 1731,
Eblanæ literis institutus,
obiit Londini,
Apr. 4, 1774.

Translation.

This monument is raised to the memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philosopher, and Historian,
who left no species of writing untouched, or unadorned by his pen,
whether to move laughter, or draw tears:
he was a powerful master over the affections,
tho' at the same time, a gentle tyrant;
of a genius
at once sublime, lively, and equal to every subject:
in expression
at once noble, pure, and delicate.
His memory
will last as long as society retains affection,
friendship is not void of honour,
and reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland, at Fernes,
in the province of Lenster,
where Pallas had set her name, Nov. 29, 1731.
He was educated at Dublin, and died in London,
April 4, 1774.

Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Essays, in prose and verse, were collected into one volume, 8vo, 1775, and again much enlarged in 3 vol. 12mo, by the late Mr. Thomas Wright, printer; and published in 1798. His poetic and dramatic works were collected and printed in 2 vol. 8vo, 1780. An edition of his Miscellaneous Works was printed at Perth, 3 vol. 8vo, 1793. His Traveller and Deserted Village have been frequently reprinted, and with his Retaliation and other pieces, were received into the edition of the "English Poets," 1790. Another edition of his Miscellaneous works, appeared in 1801, 4 vol. 8vo. Johnson, and others, London; containing an enlarged and circumstantial account of his life and writings, by an anonymous author in justice to the merits of this performance it is as much the duty as inclination of of the present editor to say, that it is principally from

this source that he has derived the materials of this sketch. As a poet, Goldsmith is characterized by elegance, tenderness, and simplicity. He is of the school of Dryden and Pope, rather than that of Spencer and Milton. In sweetness and harmony, he rivals every writer of verse since the days of Pope. It is to be regretted, that his poetic performances are not more numerous. His general merit as a writer is universally allowed, and his reputation, even in the higher branches of literature fully established. A writer in the "Monthly Register," vol. ii, p. 307, remarks that "it has happened to Goldsmith, as to many other authors, not to have profited much by his cotemporaries, who seem for the most part, to have undervalued his talents, and to have considered him rather a pleasing, than an eminent writer. The splendour of Johnson's reputation has eclipsed that of Goldsmith; and the numerous biographers of the former, whether to heighten the effect of their picture, or from malice, vanity, or some other cause, have exhibited our entertaining author in a light, which not only tends to impair his reputation as a writer, but to detract something even from his character as a man. Goldsmith has thus come down to us as one of the vainest of beings, jealous of every rising name, and shrinking from all acknowledgment of merit. The simplicity of the "Vicar of Wakefield," is however still preferred by some to the artificial magnificence of "Rasselas," and the mellifluous and descriptive poetry of the "Traveller," to the pointed turn, and laboured versification of the sententious author of "London." "It has been long remarked," observes Mr. Pratt, "that the real

poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public; and the public, collectively considered, is a good and generous master. It is, indeed, too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour; but, to make amends, it is never mistaken long. "A performance, indeed," says Goldsmith, "may be forced for a time into reputation; but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud; an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success, till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction." Each work of *thine*, O friend of my earliest youth! and friend of every being who sought thy gentle aid, whether to foster the humblest talents, to alleviate the deepest misfortunes, or to make the happy yet more blest. Yes, Goldsmith, each work of thine has been tried by this touchstone. The time has nearly been trebled since the angel of death deprived me of thy revered society. Yet are the numberless benignities of thy heart, and the unsparing bounties of thy hand, vivid in my memory and warm in my bosom. The engaging simplicity of thy manners, the harmless excursions of thy convivial spirit, thy ingenuous converse, making every peculiarity amiable and agreeable, set off by a thousand other endearing qualities; these like the emanations of thy genius, are among the things which neither fade nor die. They have survived the grave, and gained a victory over a more inveterate enemy to genius than death itself. Thy productions have outlived even the envy which slandered, the jealously which would have undermined, and the malice

which attempted to destroy them. The banditti which was formed against thee, by an ephemeral and reptile race, to which the strong beams of thy genius, like those of the sun, give a short-lived and insignificant existence, and which so often and so long annoyed thee in thy "days of nature," are dispersed. The enemies of genius "have done hating thee!" * and thou hast gained that triumph in the tomb, which wisdom, genius, and virtue are sure to enjoy, even in this world, when those to whom they were precious are removed from it's folly, stupidity, and vice; it's envy, hatred, and malice.

"Yes, thou wert dear to all the sons of pain,
to all who wander, sorrow, or complain;
dear to the learned, to the simple dear,
for daily blessings mark'd thy virtuous year;
the rich received a moral from thy head,
and from thy heart the strangers found a bed;
distress came always smiling from thy door,
for God had made thee agent to the poor;
had form'd thy feelings on the noblest plan,
to grace at once the poet and the man."

Or, as he has far more beautifully depicted himself in delineating a beloved brother's portrait:

"His house was known to all the vagrant train,
he chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd thier pain;
pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
and quite forgot their vices in thier woe;
careless their merits or their faults to scan,
his pity gave ere charity began."

* "As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, said the gentleman, (pointing to the Chinese philosopher with his finger) 'That is the poets' corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton. 'Drayton,' I replied, 'I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope; is he there?' 'It is time enough,' replied my guide, 'he has not been long dead; *people have not done hating him yet.*' 'Strange!' cried I, 'can any be found to hate a man, whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow creatures?' 'Yes,' said my guide, 'they hate him for that very reason. Every man of genius is sure to find such enemies."

The stature of Goldsmith was under the middle size, his body strongly built, and his limbs more sturdy than elegant: his complexion was pale, his forehead low; his face almost round, and pitted with the small pox; but marked with strong lines of thinking. His first appearance was not engaging; but when he grew easy and cheerful in company, he relaxed into a display of good humour.

THE TRAVELLER;
or,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

To the Rev. Henry Goldsmith.

Dear Sir,

I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year. I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, were the harvest is great and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition were the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share.

As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, tho' but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright. Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and pindaric odes, choruses, anapests, and imabics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative. But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous; I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire. What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states which are

differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate brother,

Oliver Goldsmith.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
a weary waste, expanding to the skies;
where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
my heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
and drags, at each remove, a lenght'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
and round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
to pause from toil and trim their evening fire;
bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
and ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
were all the ruddy family around
laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
or press the bashful stranger to his food,
and learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
my prime of life in wandering spent, and care:
impell'd with steps unceasing, to pursue
some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;

that, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
my fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
and find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
and placed on high, above the storm's career,
look downward, where an hundred realms appear
lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
the pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
amidst the store should thinkless pride repine?
say, should the philosophic mind disdain
that good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
these little things are great to little man;
and wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth & splendour crown'd;
ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
for me your tributary stores combine:
creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
to see the hoard of human bliss so small;
and oft I wish, amid the scene, to find
some spot to real happiness consign'd,

where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
may gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
and his long nights of revelry and ease:
the naked negro, panting at the line,
boasts of the golden sands and palmy wine;
basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
and thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's bost, where'er we roam;
his first, best country ever is at home:
and yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
and estimate the blessings which they share,
tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
an equal portion dealt to all mankind;
as different good, by art or nature given,
to different nations, makes their blessings even.
Nature a mother kind alike to all,
still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
with food as well the peasant is supply'd
on Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
and tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
these rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:
yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
that either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
and honour sinks where commerce long prevails:
hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
conforms and models life to that alone.

Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
and spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
till, carried to excess in each domain,
this fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes.
and trace them through the prospect as it lies:
here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
that shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right where Appenine ascends,
bright as the summer, Italy extends;
it's uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
while oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
with venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
the sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
that proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
whose bright succession decks the varied year;
whatever sweets salute the northern sky
with vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
these, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
while sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
to winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
and sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
tho' poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain;

tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
and e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
that opulence departed leaves behind;
for wealth was their's; not far remov'd the date,
when commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
at her command the palace learn'd to rise,
again the long fall'n column sought the skies;
the canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
the pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
commerce on other shores display'd her sail
while nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
but towns, unmann'd and lords without a slave:
and late the nation found with fruitless skill
t's former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
by arts, the splended wrecks of former pride;
from these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
an easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen in bloodless pomp array'd
the pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
processions form'd for piety and love,
a mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
the sports of children satisfy the child;
each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
while low delights, succeeding fast behind,
in happier meanness occupy the mind:
as in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
there in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
the shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;

and, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey
where rougher climes a nobler race display;
where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
and force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
but man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
but winter, ling'ring chills the lap of May;
no zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
but meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still e'en here, content can spread a charm,
redress the clime, and all it's rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
he sees his little lot the lot of all;
sees no contiguous palace rear it's head,
to shame the meanness of his humble shed;
no costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
to make him loath his vegetable meal;
but calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes:
with patient angle trolls the finny deep,
or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
and drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
he sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
his children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
while his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
displays her cleanly platter on the board:

and haply too some pilgrim thither led,
with many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
and e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
and dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
and as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
so the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
but bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
if few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
for ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
that first excites desire, and then supplies;
unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
to fill the languid pause with finer joy;
unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer,
on some high festival of once a year,
in wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
their morals like their pleasures, are but low:
for, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;

and love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
may sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
but all the gentler morals, such as play
through life's more cultur'd walks and charm the way,
these, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
to sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
how often have I led thy sportive choir,
with tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
where shading elms along the margin grew,
and, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
and haply, tho' my harsh touch falt'ring still,
but mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
and dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
have led their children through the mirthful maze;
and the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
thus idly busy rolls their world away;
their's are those arts that mind to mind endear,
for honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
it shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
from courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
and all are taught an avarice of praise;

they please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
it gives their follies also room to rise;
for praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
and the weak soul, within itself unbless'd,
leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here with tawdry art,
pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
and trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
here beggar-pride defrauds her daily cheer,
to boast one splendid banquet once a year;
the mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
where the broad ocean leans against the land;
and, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
the firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
spreads it's long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
while the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
the slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
the willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
the crowded mart, the cultivated plain;
a new creation rescu'd from his reign.
Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
impels the native to repeated toil,

industrious habits in each bosom reign,
and industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs
with all those ills superfluous treasure brings
are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
but view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
e'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
the needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
a land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
and calmly bent, to servitude conform,
dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
war in each breast, and freedom on each brow,
how much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
and flies where Britain courts the western spring;
where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
and brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
there gentle music melts on every spray;
creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
extremes are only in the master's mind;
stern o'er each bosom, Reason holds her state,
with daring aims irregularly great:
pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
by forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand;
fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
true to imagin'd right above controul,
while e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,

and learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
too bless'd, indeed, were such without alloy,
but foster'd, e'en by Freedom, ills annoy;
that independence, Britons prize too high,
keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie:
the self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
all claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
till, over-wrought, the general system feels
it's motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
as duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
and talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
the land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
one sink of level avarice shall lie,
and scholars, soldiers, kings unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
ye powers of truth! that bid my soul aspire,
far from my bosom drive the low desire!
and thou, fair Freedom! taught alike to feel
the rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
thou transitory flower! alike undone
by proud Contempt, or Favour's fostering sun,

still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them, to secure:
for just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
that those who think must govern those who toil;
and all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
it's double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
who think it Freedom when a part aspires!
calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
except when fast-approaching danger warms:
but when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
contracting regal power to stretch their own
when I behold a factious band agree
to call it Freedom when themselves are free;
each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
the wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
when first Ambition struck at regal power;
and thus polluting honour in it's source,
gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen round Britain's peopled shore,
her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste;
seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
lead stern Depopulation in her train,
and over fields, were scatter'd hamlets rose,

in barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
the smiling long-frequented village fall?
beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
the modest matron, and the blushing maid,
forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
to traverse climes beyond the western main;
were wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
and Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,
through tangled forests, and through dang'rous ways;
where beasts with man divided empire claim,
and the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
there, while above the giddy tempest flies,
and all around distressful yells arise,
the pensive exile, bending with his woe,
to stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
casts a long look were England's glories shine,
and bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
that bliss which only centres in the mind!
why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
to seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government tho' terrors reign,
tho' tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
how small, of all that human hearts endure,
that part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
our own felicity we make or find:
with secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
to men remote from power but rarely known,
leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

To Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Dear Sir,

I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to incribe this poem to you. How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discus-

sion would take up much room; and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem. In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. I am, dear sir, your sincere friend and ardent admirer, *Oliver Goldsmith.*

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
where smiling spring it's earliest visit paid,
and parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,
how often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
how often have I paus'd on every charm,
the shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
the never-failing brook, the busy mill;
the decent church, that topp'd the neighb'ring hill;
the hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
for talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!

how often have I bless'd the coming day,
when toil remitting lent it's turn to play,
and all the village train, from labour free,
led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
while many a pastime circled in the shade,
the young contending as the old survey'd;
and many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
and sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
the dancing pair that simply sought renown,
by holding out, to tire each other down;
the swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
while secret laughter titter'd round the place;
the bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
the matron's glance, that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
with sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
these round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
these were thy charms.—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village! lovliest of the lawn,
thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
and desolation saddens all thy green:
one only master grasps the whole domain,
and half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
no more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
but choak'd with sedges, works it's weedy way;
along thy glades, a solitary guest,
the hollow sounding bittern guards it's nest;
amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
and tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
and the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;

and, trembling, shrinking, from the spoiler's hand,
far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
a breath can make them, as a breath has made:
but a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
when once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
when ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd it's man;
for him light labour spread her wholesome store,
just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
his best companions, innocence and health;
and his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose;
and ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
and ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom;
those calm desires that ask'd but little room;
those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene;
liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
these, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
and rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
and, many a year elaps'd, return'd to view
where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
in all my griefs (and God has giv'n my share)
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
to husband out life's taper at the close,
and keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
and tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
and, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
retreats from care, that never must be mine,
how happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
a youth of labour with an age of ease!
who quits a world where strong temptations try,
and since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
for him no wretches born to work and weep,
explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
no surly porter stands in guilty state,
to spurn imploring famine from the gate;
but on he moves to meet his latter end,
angels around befriending virtue's friend;
sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
while resignation gently slopes the way;
and, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
his Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,
up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
there, as I past with careless steps and slow,
the mingling notes came soften'd from below;

the swain responsive as the milk-maid sung;
the sober herd, that low'd to meet their young;
the noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool;
the playful children, just let loose from school;
the watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind
and the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind
these all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
and fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
no cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
no busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
but all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
that feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
she, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
to strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
to pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
to seek her nightly shed and weep till morn;
she only left, of all the harmless train,
the sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
and still where many a garden flower grows wild;
there, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
the village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
and passing rich with forty pounds a year;
remote from towns he ran his godly race,
nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
by doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
more bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
he chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.

The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
the ruin'd spendthrift now no longer proud,
claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
the broken soldier kindly bid to stay,
sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests the good man learn'd to glow,
and quite forgot their vices in their woe;
careless their merits or their faults to scan,
his pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
and e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
but in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
he watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
to tempt it's new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
he tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
and sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
the reverend champion stood. At his controul,
despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
and his last falt'ring accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
his looks adorn'd the venerable place;
truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
and fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
with steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
e'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
and pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
to them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
but all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
As some tall cliff that lifts it's awful form,
swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
tho' round it's breast the rolling clouds are spread,
eternal sunshine settles on it's head.

Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way,
with blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
there, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
the village master taught his little school;
a man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew:
well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
the day's disasters in his morning face;
full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
at all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
full well the busy whisper, circling round,
convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
the love he bore to learning was in fault;
the village all declar'd how much he knew,
't was certain he could write and cypher too;
lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
and ev'n the story ran that he could gage:
in arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
for e'en tho' vanquish'd he could argue still;
while words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
and still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
that one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts it's head on high,
where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
and news, much older than their ale, went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
the parlour splendors of that festive place;
the white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
the varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
the chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
the pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
the twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
the hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
with aspin boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
while broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not all
reprieve the tott'ring mansion from it's fall?
obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
an hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
thither no more the peasant shall repair,
to sweet oblivion of his daily care;
no more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
no more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
no more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
the host himself no longer shall be found
careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
these simple blessings of the lowly train,

to me more dear, congenial to my heart,
one native charm, than all the gloss of art;
spontaneous joys, where nature has it's play,
the soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
lightly they frolick o'er the vacant mind,
unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
with all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
in these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
the toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
and, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
the heart distrusting asks, can this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
the rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
't is your's to judge, how wide the limits stand
between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
and shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
and rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
that leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
the robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
his seat, where solitary sports are seen,
indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
around the world each needful product flies,
for all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
in barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
but when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
when time advances, and when lovers fail,
she then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
in all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd,
in nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
but verging to decline, it's splendours rise,
it's vistas strike, it's palaces surprise;
while, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
the mournful peasant leads his humble band;
and while he sinks, without one arm to save,
the country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
to 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
he drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
and e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
to see profusion that he must not share;
to see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
to pamper luxury and thin mankind;
to see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
there the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
there the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;

tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing square,
the ratling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
and, pinch'd with cold and shrinking from the show'r,
with heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
when idly first, ambitious of the town,
she left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
e'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
at proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! to distant climes, a dreary scene,
where half the convex world intrudes between,
through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
were wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
the various terrors of that horrid shore;
those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
and fiercely shed intolerable day;
those matted woods were birds forget to sing,
but silent bats in drowsy clusters cling:
those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
were the dark scorpion gathers death around;
where at each step the stranger fears to wake
the rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;

where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
and savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
while oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from ev'ry former scene,
the cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
the breezy covert of the warbling grove,
that only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
that call'd them from their native walks away;
when the poor exiles ev'ry pleasure past,
hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
and took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
for seats like these beyond the western main;
and shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
to new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
but for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
he only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
the fond companion of his helpless years,
silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
and left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plants the mother spoke her woes,
and blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
and kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
and clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
while her fond husband strove to lend relief
in all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curst by Heav'n's decree,
how ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
how do thy potions with insidious joy,
diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
a bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
and half the business of destruction done;
e'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
that, idly waiting, flaps with ev'ry gale,
downward they move, a melancholy band,
pass from the shore and darken all the strand;
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
and kind connubial tenderness, are there;
and piety, with wishes plac'd above,
and steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou lovliest maid,
still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
to catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
dear charming nymph! neglected and decry'd,
my shame in crouds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
that found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well:
farewell; and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
on Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
redress the rigours of the inclement clime;

aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
that trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
as ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
while self-dependent power can time defy,
as rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HERMIT.

'Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
and guide my lonely way
to where yon taper cheers the vale
with hospitable ray:
for here forlorn and lost I tread,
with fainting steps and slow;
where wilds immeasurably spread,
seem length'ning as I go.'
'Forbear, my son,' the Hermit cries,
'to tempt the dang'rous gloom;
for yonder faithless phantom flies
to lure thee to thy doom.
Here to the houseless child of want
my door is open still;
and tho' my portion be but scant,
I give it with good will.
Then turn to-night, and freely share
whate'er my cell bestows;
my rushy couch and frugal fare,
my blessing and repose.
No flocks, that range the valley free,
to slaughter I condemn;
taught by that pow'r that pities me,

I learn to pity them:
but from the mountain's grassy side
a guiltless feast I bring;
a scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
and water from the spring.
Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
all earth-born cares are wrong:
man wants but little here below,
nor wants that little long.'
Soft as the dew from Heav'n descends,
his gentle accents fell:
the modest stranger lowly bends,
and follows to the cell.
Far in a wilderness obscure
the lonely mansion lay;
a refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
and strangers led astray.
No stores beneath it's humble thatch
requir'd a master's care;
the wicket, op'ning with a latch,
receiv'd the harmless pair.
And now, when busy crowds retire
to take their ev'ning rest,
the Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
and cheer'd his pensive guest;
and spread his vegetable store,
and gayly prest, and smil'd;
and, skill'd in legendary lore,
the ling'ring hours beguil'd.
Around in sympathetic mirth,
it's tricks the kitten tries;
the cricket cherups in the hearth
the crackling faggot flies.
But nothing could a charm impart

to sooth the stranger's woe;
for grief was heavy at his heart,
and tears began to flow.
His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
with answ'ring care oppress:
'And whence, unhappy youth!' he cry'd,
'the sorrows of thy breast?
From better habitations spurn'd,
reluctant dost thou rove?
or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
or unregarded love?
Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
are trifling and decay;
and those who prize the paltry things,
more trifling still than they.
And what is friendship but a name,
a charm that lulls to sleep;
a shade that follows wealth or fame,
and leaves the wretch to weep?
and love is still an emptier sound,
the modern fair-one's jest;
on earth unseen, or only found
to warm the turtle's nest.
For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
and spurn the sex!' he said:
but while he spoke, a rising blush
his love-lorn guest betray'd.
Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
swift mantling to the view,
like colours o'er the morning skies,
as bright, as transient too.
The bashful look, the rising breast,
alternate spread alarms:
the lovely stranger stands confest

a maid, in all her charms.
'And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
a wretch forlorn,' she cry'd;
'whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
where Heaven and you reside!
but let a maid thy pity share,
whom love has taught to stray;
who seeks for rest, but finds despair
companion of her way.
My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
a wealthy lord was he;
and all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
he had but only me.
To win me from his tender arms,
unnumber'd suitors came;
who prais'd me for imputed charms,
and felt or feign'd a flame.
Each hour a mercenary crowd
with richest proffers strove:
among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
but never talk'd of love.
In humble, simplest habit clad,
no wealth or power had he:
wisdom and worth were all he had,
but these were all to me.
The blossom opening to the day,
the dews of Heaven refin'd,
could nought of purity display,
to emulate his mind.
The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
with charms inconstant shine;
their charms were his, but, woe to me!
their constancy was mine.

For still I try'd each fickle art,
  importunate and vain;
and while his passion touch'd my heart,
  I triumph'd in his pain;
till, quite dejected with my scorn,
  he left me to my pride;
and sought a solitude forlorn,
  in secret, where he died.
But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
  and well my life shall pay;
I 'll seek the solitude he sought,
  and stretch me where he lay.
And there forlorn despairing hid,
  I 'll lay me down and die:
't was so for me that Edwin did,
  and so for him will I.'
'Forbid it, Heaven!' the Hermit cry'd,
  and clasp'd her to his breast:
the wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide;
  't was Edwin's self who prest.
'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
  my charmer, turn to see
thy own, thy long-lost Edwin, here,
  restor'd to love and thee.
Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
  and ev'ry care resign.
And shall we never, never part,
  my life—my all that 's mine?'
'No, never, from this hour to part;
  we 'll live and love so true,
the sigh which rends thy constant heart,
  shall break thy Edwin's too.'

A DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

Where the Red-Lion staring o'er the way,
invites each passing stranger that can pay:
where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,
regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane:
there, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
the muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
a window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
that dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
the sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread;
the humid wall, with paltry pictures spread:
the royal game of goose was there in view,
and the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
the seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
and brave prince William shew'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
the rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
with beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
and five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney board;
a night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay;
a cap by night, a stocking all the day!

RETALIATION *(a)*.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
If our *(b)* landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
our *(c)* Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
our *(d)* Burke shall be tongue with a garnish of brains;
our *(e)* Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
and *(f)* Dick with his pepper shall heighten their savour:
our *(g)* Cumberland's sweat-bread it's place shall obtain,
and *(h)* Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain:
our *(i)* Garrick 's a sallad; for in him we see
oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree.
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
that *(j)* Ridge is anchovy, and *(k)* Reynolds is lamb;

(a) First printed in 1774, after the author's death. Dr. Goldsmith, and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for *retaliation*, and, at their next meeting, produced the following poem.
(b) The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.
(c) Doctor Barnard, dean of Derry in Ireland. *(d)* Mr. Edmund Burke. *(e)* Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin. *(f)* Mr. Richard Burke, collector for Grenada. *(g)* Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces. *(h)* Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's history of the Popes.
(i) David Garrick, Esq. *(j)* Councellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar. *(k)* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

that *(l)* Hickey's a capon; and, by the same rule,
magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter! more wine; let me sit while I 'm able,
till all my companions sink under the table;
then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good *(m)* Dean, re-united to earth,
who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
if he had any faults, he has left us in doubt;
at least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out:
yet some have declared, and it cann't be deny'd 'em,
that sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good *(n)* Edmund, whose genius was such,
we scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
and to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
to persuade *(o)* Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
and thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit;
too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
for a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
and too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 't was his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
to eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

(*l*) An eminent attorney. (*m*) Vide page 36. (*n*) Vide page 36
(*o*) Mr. T. Townsend, member for Whitchurch.

Here lies honest *(p)* William, whose heart was a mint,
while the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in 't;
the pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
his conduct still right with his argument wrong;
still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
the coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
what was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
what spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
(q) Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all;
in short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
that we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick:
but, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
as often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here *(r)* Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
the Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
a flattering painter, who made it his care
to draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
and comedy wonders at being so fine;
like a tragedy queen, he has dizen'd her out,
or rather like tragedy giving her out.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd

(p) Vide page 36. *(q)* Mr. Richard Burke; vide page 36. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people. *(r)* Vide page 36.

of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud
and coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
say, was it that vainly directing his view
to find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
he grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here *(s)* Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
when satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
but now he is gone, and we want a detector:
our *(t)* Dodds shall be pious, our *(u)* Kenricks shall lecture;
(v) Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
our *(w)* Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
new *(x)* Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
no countryman living their tricks to discover;
detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
and Scotchman meet Scotchman, & cheat in the dark.

Here lies *(y)* David Garrick; describe me who can,
an abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;

(s) Vide page 36. *(t)* The Rev. Dr. Dodd. *(u)* Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakespeare." *(v)* James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first Poet of all antiquity. [*w*] Vide page 37. [*x*] Vide page 36. [*y*] Vide page 36.

as an actor confest without rival to shine;
as a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
the man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread,
and beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
't was only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
he turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:
tho' secure of our hearts, yet, confoundedly sick,
if they were not his own by finessing and trick:
he cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
for he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
and the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
if dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye (z) Kenricks, ye (*a*) Kellys, and (*b*) Woodfalls, so grave,
what a commerce was your's, while you got and you gave!
how did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
while he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
to act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.

[z] Vide page 39. [*a*] Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c. [*b*] Mr. Willliam Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
and Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.
Here (*c*) Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
and slander itself must allow him good-nature:
he cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser:
I answer, no, no; for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
his very worst foe cann't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
and so was too foolishly honest? ah, no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye,
he was, could he help it? a special attorney.
Here (*d*) Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
he has not left a wiser or better behind:
his pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
his manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
still born to improve us in every part,
his pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
to coxcombs averse, yet most civily steering,
when they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing:
when they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
he shifted his (*e*) trumpet, and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT. *(f)*

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,

[*c*] Vide page 37. [*d*] Vide page 36. [*e*] Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear triumpet in company.

[*f*] After the fourth edition of Retaliation was printed, the publisher re-

tho' he merrily liv'd, he is now a (*g*) grave man:
rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
a stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:
a Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
a scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd!
who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
yet content "if the table he set in a roar:"
whose talents to fill any station was fit,
yet happy if (*h*) Woodfall confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes;
ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
to deck it bring with you festoons of the vine,
and copious libations bestow on his shrine;
then strew all around it (you can do no less)
(*i*) *cross readings, skip-news,* and *mistakes of the press.*

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
that a Scot may have humour; I had almost said wit:
this debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
"Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse."

ceived the above epitaph on Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith. [*g*] Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say, it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning. [*h*] Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser. [*i*] Mr. Whitefoord frequently indulged the town with humourous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

Secluded from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
a fellowship at twenty-five
made him the happiest man alive;
he drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
and fresh men wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,
could any accident impair?
could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
our swain, arriv'd at thirty six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
to ravage in a country town!
or Flavia, been content to stop
at triumphs in a Fleet-street shop;
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze;
O!——but let exclamation cease,
her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd and blush'd, and then was married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
the raptures of the bridal night?
need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
or draw the curtains, clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms:
he clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
and tho' she felt his usage rough,
yet in a man 't was well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew;
the second brought it's transports too.
A third, or fourth, were not amiss;

the fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
but when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
found half the charms that deck'd her face
arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
but still the worst remain'd behind;
that very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
but dressing, patching, repartee;
and, just as humour rose or fell,
by turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
half-naked at a ball or race;
but when at home, at board or bed,
five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
to be a dull domestic friend?
could any curtain lectures bring
to decency so fine a thing?
in short, by night, 't was fits or fretting;
by day, 't was gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
of powder'd coxcombs at her levy:
the 'squire and captain took their stations,
and twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
a sigh in suffocating smoke;
while all their hours were pass'd between
insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
he thinks her features coarser grown;
he fancies ev'ry vice she shews,
or thins her lip, or points her nose;
whenever rage or envy rise,

how wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
her face is grown a knowing phiz;
and tho' her fops are wond'rous civil,
he thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd nooze,
as each a different way pursues,
while sullen or loquacious strife
promis'd to hold them on for life,
that dire disease, whose ruthless power
withers the beauty's transient flower:
lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
levell'd it's terrors at the fair;
and, rifling ev'ry youthful grace,
left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
reflected now a perfect fright;
each former art she vainly tries
to bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
to smooth her skin, or hide it's seams;
her country beaux and city cousins,
lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
the 'squire himself was seen to yield,
and e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now, condemned to hack
the rest of life with anxious Jack,
perceiving others fairly flown,
attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
her present face surpass the old;
with modesty her cheeks are dyed,
humility displaces pride;
for taudry finery, is seen

a person ever neatly clean:
no more persuming on her sway,
she learns good-nature every day:
serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE GIFT.

To Iris, in Bow-street, Covent-garden.

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
dear mercenary beauty,
what annual off'ring shall I make
expressive of my duty?

My heart a victim to thine eyes,
should I at once deliver,
say, would the angry fair-one prize
the gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
my rivals give—and let 'em.
If gems, or gold import a joy,
I 'll give them—when I get 'em.

I 'll give—but not the full blown rose,
or rose-bud, more in fashion;
such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
a transitory passion.

I 'll give thee something yet unpaid,
not less sincere than civil:
I 'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I 'll give thee—to the devil.

A NEW SIMILE,

in the manner of Swift.

Long had I sought in vain to find
a likeness for the scribbling kind;
the modern scribbling kind, who write
in wit, and sense, and nature's spite;
till reading, I forget what day on,
a chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
to suit my purpose to a hair:
but let us not proceed too furious;
first please to turn to God Mercurius;
you 'll find him pictur'd at full length
in book the second, page the tenth:
the stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
and now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat;
wings upon either side, mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
why these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
with wit that's flighty, learning light;
such as to modern bard 's decreed:
a just comparison. Proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
wings grow again from both his shoes;
design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
and waft his godship through the air;
and here my simile unites;
for in a modern poet's flights,
I 'm sure it may be justly said,
his feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
fill'd with a snake incircled wand;
by classic authors term'd caduceus,
and highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit, most wond'rously endu'd:
no poppy-water half so good;
for let folks only get a touch,
it's soporific virtue 's such,
tho' ne'er so much awake before,
that quickly they began to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
with this he drives men's souls to hell.
Now to apply, begin we then;
his wand 's a modern author's pen!
the serpents round about it twin'd,
denote him of the reptile kind;
denote the rage with which he writes,
his frothly slaver, venom'd bites;
an equal semblance still to keep,
alike do both conduce to sleep.
This diff'rence only, as the God
drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
with his goose quill the scribbling elf,
instead of others, damns himself.
And here my simile almost tript;
yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
in which all modern bards agree,
being each as great a thief as he:
but e'en this deity's existence
shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why, what a pox?
are they but senseless stones and blocks

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

In imitation of Dean Swift.

Logicians have but ill defin'd
as rational the human mind:
reason, they say, belongs to man,
but let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
by ratiocinations specious,
have strove to prove with great precision,
with definition and divison,
homo est ratione preditum;
but for my soul I cannot credit 'em;
and must in spite of them maintain,
that man and all his ways are vain;
and that this boasted lord of nature
is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide,
than reason-boasting mortal's pride;
and that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute,
at law his neighbour prosecute,
bring action for assault and battery,
or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
no politics disturb their mind;
they eat their meals, and take their sport,
nor know who's in or out at court:
thy never to the levee go
to treat as dearest friend, a foe:
they never importune his grace,
nor ever cringe to men in place,
nor undertake a dirty job,

nor draw the quill to write for Bob.
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
to folks at Pater-noster Row;
no judges, fidlers, dancing masters,
no pick-pockets, or poetasters,
are known to honest quadrupedes;
no single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
nor cut each other's throat for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
comes nearest us in human shape;
like man he imitates each fashion,
and malice is his ruling passion;
but both in malice and grimaces,
a courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
upon the minister of state:
view him soon after, to inferiors,
aping the conduct of superiors:
he promises with equal air,
and to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators;
at court, the porters, lacquies, waiters,
their master's manners still contract,
and footmen, lords, and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and small,
behave alike, for all ape all.

SONG I.

From the Oratorio of the Captivity.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
still, still on hope relies;
and ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
adorns and cheers the way;
and still as darker grows the night,
emits a brighter ray.

SONG II.

Intended to have been sung in the Comedy of "She stoops to Conquer."*

Ah, me! when shall I marry me?
lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth! that could carry me,
offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

* "Sir, I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song, in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of "She stoops to Conquer," but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called "The humours of Balamagairy," to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand writing, with an affectionate care. I am, sir, your humble servant, JAMES BOSWELL."

SONG III.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
  still importunate and vain,
to former joys recurring ever
  and turning all the past to pain;
thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
  thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
and he who wants each other blessing,
  in thee must ever find a foe.

A SONNET.

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
  lost to ev'ry gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
  fears th' approaching bridal night.
Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
  or dim thy beauty with a tear?
had Myra follow'd my direction,
  she long had wanted cause of fear.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
and finds, too late, that men betray,
what charm can sooth her melancholy,
what art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
to hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
to give repentance to her lover,
and wring his bosom—is, to die.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
lament for madam Blaize,
who never wanted a good word,
from those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
and always found her kind;
she freely lent to all the poor,—
who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
with manners wond'rous winning;
and never follow'd wicked ways,—
unless when she was sinning.

At church in silks and satins new,
with hoop of monstrous size;
she never slumber'd in her pew,—
but when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
by twenty beaux and more;
the King himself has follow'd her,—
when she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
her hangers-on cut short all;
the doctors found when she was dead,—
her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
for Kent-street well may say,
that had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
she had not dy'd to-day.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
give ear unto my song;
and if you find it wond'rous short,
it cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
of whom the world might say,
that still a godly race he ran,
whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
to comfort friends and foes;
the naked every day he clad,
when he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
as many dogs there be,
both mungrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
and curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
but when a pique began,
the dog to gain his private ends,
went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
the wond'ring neighbours ran,
and swore the dog had lost his wits,
to bite so good a man.

The wound is seem'd both sore and sad
to every christian eye;

and while they swore the dog was mad
they swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
that shew'd the rogues they lied;
the man recover'd of the bite,
the dog it was that died.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

This tomb inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
may speak our gratitude but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
which leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way?
celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
and Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
the transitory breath of fame below:
more lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
while converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.*

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
who long was a bookseller's hack;
he led such a damnable life in this world,
I do n't think he 'll wish to come back.

*This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he inlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the news-papers. He translated Voltaire's Henriade.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trott was desir'd by two witty peers,
to tell them the reason why asses had ears?
'An 't please you,' quoth John, 'I 'm not given to letters,
nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters,
howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces,
as I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on asses."

Edinburgh, 1753.

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G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

POEMS
by
NATHANIEL COTTON, M.D.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

G. Nicholson June 9 1800.
Printed and sold by George Nicholson, College, Ludlow.
Sold also
by Champante and Whitrow, 4 Jewry Street, Aldgate, London;
and all other Booksellers.
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THE LIFE OF COTTON.

Of the family, birth place, and education of Nathaniel Cotton, there are no written memorials. A collection of his *Various Pieces in Prose and Verse*, was printed in 1791; but by an unpardonable neglect in the editor, without any information concerning his life, family, connections, or even the times and places of his birth and death. For the sake of posterity, as well as the present times, it is desirable that those who are acquainted with any particulars concerning him, would communicate them to some repository, where they might be reserved for the use of future biographers. A few detached dates and notices, collected chiefly from his writings, form the slender memorials of his life.

He was bred to the profession of physic, in which he took the degree of Doctor; but whether he was indebted to either of the English universities for any part of the literature he possessed, or his academical degree, is uncertain. He settled as a physician at St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, where he acquired great reputation in his profession, and continued to reside there till his death. In the latter part of his life, he kept a house for the reception of lunatics.

In 1749, he had the affliction to lose his wife; as appears from his Letter to Dr. Doddridge, dated St. Albans, April 29, 1749, published by the Rev. Mr. Stedman among the "Letters to and from Philip Doddridge, D, D." 8vo, 1790. In 1751, he published his *Visions in Verse, for the Entertainment*

and Instruction of Younger Minds, 8vo, without his name; nor is it prefixed to any of the subsequent editions, in conformity with the modest ambition he professes in the following lines of his *Epistle to the Reader:*

> All my ambition is, I own,
> to profit and to please unknown.

This publication was favourably received by the polite and religious world, and probably obtained him the friendship of Young, who resided at Welwyn in the neighbourhood of St. Albans. He attended Young in his last illness, April 1765. Among the *Extracts from his Letters,* is an account of the last moments of that excellent poet, without superscription or date. The following *Extracts* exhibit an advantageous specimen of his temper and disposition, and an interesting picture of the infirmities of age. "My bed is often strewed with thorns: but I must journey through life on the same terms that many wiser and better men than I have done; and must reflect with some degree of comfort, that I am making hasty advances to that sanctuary, where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary shall be at rest." Oh! my heart strings, break not yet, out of pity to the worthier part of my family, who cannot lose me without suffering the greatest inconveniences. "I have passed almost three winters beyond the usual boundary appropriated to human life; and having thus transcended the longevity of a septuagenarian, I now labour under the inconveniencies and evils of advanced years. I am emaciated to a very great degree, and my trembling limbs are so weak, as to feel insufficient to support my weight. The langours, likewise, which I suffer

are so frequent and severe, as to threaten an entire stop to the circulation, and are sometimes accompanied with that most distressful of all sensations, an anxiety *circa præcordia*. I sleep so little during the night, that, in general, I can rise up at the voice of the bird, be that period ever so early. Nor are my mental powers less deficient than my bodily strength; for my memory is notoriously impaired; and a subject which requires a little thought, becomes a burden hardly supportable. Are not all the particulars which I have communicated, proofs of their being the *concluding* page of Shakespeare's "strange eventful history?" Yes, surely, my dear friend, when an inspired author announces the same truth. Nor are you and I to wonder, that in our passage through this world, the weather and the ways grow the worse the longer we travel and the nearer we approach to our journey's end. The sacred writer just now mentioned affirms, that when those comfortless days arrive which are attended with satiety, disgust, and inquietude, we must expect the clouds to be often returning after the rain. Amid these melancholy scenes, it hath lately pleased Divine Providence to bereave me of one of the best of daughters, who never gave me a moment's uneasiness, but at her death, and in that illness which led to it; I mean my daughter Kitty. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam chari capitis?* But no more of this awful occurrence." He died at St. Albans, in an advanced age, August 2, 1788. Of his *Visions in Verse*, the seventh edition, revised and enlarged, was printed in 1767. The subsequent editions are too numerous to be specified. In 1791, his *Various Pieces in Prose and Verse, many of which were never*

before published, were printed in 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume contains his *Visions in Verse, Fables,* and other poetical pieces. The second, his prose pieces, *Mirza to Selim; Mirza to Hehertolla; Muculus's Letters;* five *Sermons; Health, an Allegory; on Husbandry; on Zeal; Detraction, a Vision; on Marriage; History of an Innkeeper in Normandy; on the XIIIth Psalm; on the XLIId Psalm; Extracts from Letters.* They are "inscribed, by permission, to the Dowager Countess Spencer," by Nathaniel Cotton, probably his son. His moral and intellectual character appears to have been, in the highest degree, amiable and respectable. His piety is truly venerable and edifying. His writings are distinguished by the strongest marks of piety, learning, taste, and benevolence. They are the productions of an enlightened mind, fraught with the purest principles of morality and religion. They are characterized by an elegant simplicity, derived from a diligent study of the best classical models. As a poet, his compositions are distinguished by a refined elegance of sentiment, and a correspondent simplicity of expression. He writes with ease and correctness, frequently with elevation and spirit. His thoughts are always just and religiously pure, and his lines are commonly smooth and easy; but the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his compositions: under his direction, poetry may be truly said to be subservient to religious and moral instruction. Every reader will regard with veneration the writer who condescended to lay aside the scholar and the philosopher, to compose moral apologues, and little poems of devotion, "for the entertainment and instruction of younger

minds." His *Visions*, the most popular of his productions, are not inferior to the best compositions of that kind in the English language. They are written in the measure of Gay's "Fables," and, like them, each apologue is introduced with solemn reflections which naturally lead to the story; but in forcibleness of moral and poetical spirit, they are unquestionably superior to these popular compositions. With the utility of sentiment, they combine the beauties of personification and allegory, and the elegancies of the higher poetry.

Life of Cotton perfixed to his Works in Dr. Robert Anderson's "Complete Edition of the Poets of Great Britain."

VISIONS IN VERSE,

for the

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF YOUNGER MINDS.

Virginibus puerisque canto. Hor.

AN EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Authors, you know, of greatest fame,
through modesty suppress their name;
and would you wish me to reveal
what these superior wits conceal?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
and husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
to profit and to please, unknown;
like streams supply'd from springs below,
which scatter blessings as they flow.

Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
strait you'd apply to Warwick-lane;*
the thoughtful doctor feels your pulse,
(no matter whether Mead or Hulse)
writes—Arabic to you and me,—
then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now should the sage omit his name,
would not the cure remain the same?

* College of Physicians.

not but physicians sign their bill,
or when they cure, or when they kill.
'T is often known the mental race
their fond ambitious sires disgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
critics might sneer and friends might blame.
This dang'rous secret let me hide,
I'll tell you every thing beside.
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
whether the author's big or little;
or whether fair, or black, or brown;
no writer's hue concerns the town.

I pass the silent rural hour,
no slave to wealth, no tool to power,
my mansion's warm and very neat;
you 'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
the humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
and opens to the southern skies:
the distant hills gay prospects yield,
and plenty smiles in every field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard,
the feather'd tribes adorn my yard.

My cow rewards me all she can
(brutes leave ingratitude to man);
she, daily thankful to her lord,
crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
Am I diseased?—the cure is known,
her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam,
few visits please me more than home.
I pity that unhappy elf
who loves all company but self,

by idle passions borne away
to op'ra, masquerade, or play;
fond of those hives where Folly reigns,
and Britain's peers receive her chains;
where the pert virgin slights a name,
and scorns to redden into shame.
But know, my fair (to whom belong
the poet and his artless song),
when female cheeks refuse to glow,
farewel to virtue here below.
Our sex is lost to every rule,
our sole distinction, knave or fool.
'T is to your innocence we run;
save us, ye fair, or we're undone;
maintain your modesty and station,
so women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 't is said, in days of old
esteem'd their girls more choice than gold:
too well a daughter's worth they knew,
to make her cheap by public view:
(few, who their diamonds value weigh,
expose those diamonds every day)
then, if Sir Plume drew near and smil'd,
the parent trembled for her child:
the first advance alarm'd her breast;
and fancy pictured all the rest.
But now no mother fears a foe,
no daughter shudders at a beau.

Pleasure is all the reigning theme,
our noonday thought, our midnight dream.
In folly's chace our youths engage,
and shameless crowds of tott'ring age.
The die, the dance, th' intemp'rate bowl,
with various charms engross the soul.

Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
the frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But tho' to ruin post they run,
they 'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste,
or sight to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err, who think me blind,
and I disclaim a stoic's mind.
Like your's are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
tho' small their channel, never dry;
keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
and bless the neighb'uring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I 'll mention all,
and more than you dare tell) is small;
yet every friend partakes my store,
and want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
of worth or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart;
't is fourscore pleasures to my heart.
And you may make, by means like these,
five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'T is true, my little purse grows light;
but then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
when all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask, what party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean, 'Whose fool are you?'
The names of party I detest,
badges of slavery at best!
I've too much grace to play the knave,
and too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
and grieve when knaves or fools controul.
I'm pleased when vice and folly smart,
or at the gibbet or the cart:
yet always pity, where I can,
abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.
Now the religion of your poet—
does not this little preface shew it?
my visions if you scan with care,
'tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
you can't in conscience think me wrong.

SLANDER.

Inscribed to Miss ****.

My lovely girl, I write for you;
and pray believe my visions true;
they'll form your mind to every grace;
they'll add new beauties to your face:
and when old age impairs your prime,
you'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen,
'tis labour lost to talk to men.
Youth may perhaps, reform, when wrong,
age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
is far too stubborn grown for school.
What is that vice which still prevails,
when almost every passion fails;
which with our very dawn begun,
nor ends, but with our setting sun;
which like a noxious weed, can spoil
the fairest flowers, and choke the soil?

'T is Slander,—and, with shame I own,
the vice of human kind alone.
Be Slander then my leading dream,
tho' you're a stranger to the theme;
thy softer breast, and honest heart,
scorn the defamatory art;
thy soul asserts her native skies,
nor asks detraction's wings to rise
in foreign spoils let others shine,
intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird in peacock's plumes who shone,
could plead no merit of her own:
the silly theft betrayed her pride,
and spoke her poverty beside.
Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse
than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
Say, he purlions your glittering store;
who takes your gold, takes 'trash'—no more
perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!
but the dark villian who shall aim
to blast my fair, thy spotless name,
he'd steal a precious gem away,
steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
or the more impious pleas of gain.
No sinking family to save!
no gold to glut th' insatiate knave!
Improve the hint of Shakespeare's tongue,
't was thus immortal Shakespeare * sung.
And trust the bard's unerring rule,
for nature was that poet's school.

* Othello.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear:
no verdure met my aching sight,
but hemlock, and cold aconite;
two very pois'nous plants, 't is true,
but not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around!
deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!
a black and barren mountain nigh,
expos d to every friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
her snaky tresses hiss'd behind:
"A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
the plumes of ravens were her bed:"*
she fed upon the viper's brood,
and slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

The rising sun and western ray
were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son †;
by his own numbers half undone!
Success attended Slander's power,
she reap'd fresh laurels every hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the furious rage,
the fury spares nor sex nor age.
E'en merit, with destructive charms,

* Garth's Dispensary.

† Xerxes, king of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions), who, together with their cattle perished in a great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

provokes the vengeance of her arms.
Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
commands in chief, and guides the field.
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
and scatters fear and ruin wide.
So th' impetuous torrents sweep
at once whole nations to the deep.
Revenge, that base Hesperian, * known
a chief support of Slander's throne,
amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
and treach'ry brooding in his mein;
the monster often chang'd his gait,
but march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus fell the kite whom hunger stings,
now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings;
now swift as light'ning bears away,
and darts upon his trembling prey.
Envy commands a secret band,
with sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
a thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful, unsuspected spright
with fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
and stab the hero in his bed;
or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
and female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
intent on murder, scour the plains;

* Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful disposition.

approach the folds where lambs repose,
whose guiltless breasts suspect no foes;
the savage gluts his fierce desires,
and bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
how wide her daily conquests grew:
around the crowded levees wait,
like oriental slaves of state:
of either sex whole armies press'd,
but chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law
to say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
and claims the tribute of the heart.
The best, in some unguarded hour,
have bowed the knee, and own'd her power,
Then let the poet not reveal,
what candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
much worse delinquents crowded there:
prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
grave physic, and loquacious law;
courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
and hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
and makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'tis Albion's isle, which cures these ills;
fertile of every worth and grace,
which warm the heart and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
of British nymphs that tripp'd the plain:
Good-nature first a sylvan queen,
attir'd in robes of cheerful green:

a fair and smiling virgin she!
with every charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
and bore a mirrour in her hand;
gray was the matron's head by age,
her mind by long experience sage;
of every distant ill afraid,
and anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The graces danc'd before the fair;
and white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
and rising flowers adorn'd the ground;
the sun display'd each brighter ray;
and shone in all the pride of day.
When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
and skulk'd away to shun the light.

PLEASURE.

Hear, ye fair mothers of our isle,
nor scorn your poet's homely style.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true:
or if my sentiments be old,
remember truth is sterling gold.
You judge it of important weight,
to keep your rising offspring strait:
for this such anxious moments feel,
and ask the friendly aids of steel:
for this import the distant cane,
or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
by passion, prejudice, and pride?

Deformity of heart I call
the worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd,
few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
this is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form or what is face,
but the soul's index or it's case?

Now take a simile at hand,
compare the mental soil to land,
shall fields be till'd with annual care,
and minds lie fallow every year?
O since the crop depends on you,
give them the culture which is due:
hoe every weed, and dress the soil,
so harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees,
(as every moralist agrees)
prune all the stragglers of your vine,
then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
demands his salutary knife:
for every wild luxuriant shoot,
or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A satirist * in Roman times,
when Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
asserts it for a sacred truth,
that pleasures are the bane of youth:
that sorrows such pursuits attend,
or such pursuits in sorrows end:
that all the wild advent'rer gains
are perils, penitence, and pains.

* Persius.

Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
and bid your sons revere the sage;
in study spend their midnight oil,
and string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow, like Temple, wise,
thus future Lockes and Newtons rise.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow;
where the young mind is folly's slave,
where every virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd,
for wisdom or for valour fam'd:
are the dear youths to science prone?
tell how th' immortal Bacon shone!
who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
soar'd high on contemplation's wings;
rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whose vast capacious plan
bespoke him angel more than man!

One summer's evening, as I stray'd
along the silent moon-light glade,
with these reflections in my breast,
beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
a gentle slumber intervenes,
and fancy dress'd instructive scenes.

Methought a spacious road I spy'd,
and stately trees adorn'd it's side;
frequented by a giddy crowd
of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
and bade me join their smiling throng.

I strait obey'd—persuasion hung
like honey on the speaker's tongue.

A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
and pinks and roses strewed our way.
Now as our journey we pursue,
a beauteous fabric rose to view,
a stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
with every ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
and Pleasure was the monarch's name.
The hall we enter'd uncontroul'd,
and saw the queen enthorn'd on gold;
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
and laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
a flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
and flowery chaplets wreath'd her hair:
fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
a thousand soft insidious smiles;
love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
and form'd the dimple in her cheek;
the lily and the damask rose,
the tincture of her face compose;
nor did the god of wit disdain
to mingle with the shining train.
Her votries flock from various parts,
and chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
the old in sparing numbers press'd,
but aukward devotees at best.
Now let us range at large, we cry'd,
through all the garden's boasted pride.
Here jasmines spread the silver flower,
to deck the wall, or weave the bower;
the woodbines mix in am'rous play,
and breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade,
there roses blush, and scent the glade,

the orange, with a vernal face,
wears every rich autumnal grace;
while the young blossoms here unfold,
there shines the fruit like pendant gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
and triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murm'ring to the song,
roll their transflucent streams along.
Through all the aromatic groves,
the faithful turtles coo their loves.
The lark ascending pours his notes,
and linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen! how soft thy reign!
how man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meritricious art,
that weakens, and corrupts the heart.
The childish toys and wanton page
which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
to virtue, and reproach to sense!
the midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
and all that dissipate the soul;
all that to ruin man combine,
yes, specious harlot, all are thine!

Whence sprung the accursed lust of play,
which beggars thousands in a day?
speak, sorc'ress, speak, (for thou canst tell)
who call'd the treach'rous card from hell?
Now man profanes his reas'ning powers,
profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;
abandon'd to inglorious ends,
and faithless to himself and friends;

a dupe to every artful knave,
to every abject wish a slave;
but who against himself combines,
abets his enemy's designs.
When Rapine meditates a blow,
he shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my pelf?
how great his theft who robs himself!
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat?
how heinous then is self-deceit!
Is murder justly deem'd a crime?
how black his guilt, who murders time!
Should custom plead, as custom will,
grand precedents to palliate ill,
shall modes and forms avail with me,
when reason disavows the plea?
Who games, is felon of his wealth,
his time, his liberty, his health.
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
and Honour scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
ah! what's the poor deserted heart?
a savage wild that shocks the sight,
or chaos, and impervious night!
Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
and demons crowd the frightful void

Shall Siam's elephant supply
the baneful desolating die?
against the honest sylvan's will,
you taught his ivory tusk to kill.
Heaven, fond it's favours to dispense,
gave him that weapon for defence.
That weapon, for his guard design'd,
you render'd fatal to mankind.

He plan'd no death for thoughtless youth,
you gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush, for oh! 'tis true
that no fell serpent bites like you.

The guests were order'd to depart,
reluctance sat on every heart:
a porter shew'd a different door,
not the fair portal known before!
The gates, methought, were open'd wide,
the crowds descended in a tide.
But oh! ye heavens, what vast surprise
struck the advent'rers' frighted eyes!
a barren heath before us lay,
and gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;
the darkness rose in smoky spires;
the lightnings flash'd their livid fires:
loud peals of thunder rent the air,
when vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
and triumph'd o'er the mingled slain.
Here sad Distaste, with sickly mien,
and more than half devour'd with spleen:
there stood Remorse, with thought opprest,
and vipers feeding on his breast:
then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
with bones just starting through his skin;
a ghastly fiend!—and close behind
Disease, his aching head reclin'd!
his everlasting thirst confess'd
the fires which rag'd within his breast:
Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
smil'd, unrelenting, in the storm:
when strait a doleful shriek was heard;
I 'woke.—The vision disappear'd.

Let not the inexperienc'd boy
deny that pleasures will destroy;
or say that dreams are vain and wild,
like fairy tales, to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
from sallies of the soul in sleep.
And, since there's meaning in my dream,
the moral merits your esteem.

HEALTH.

Attend my visions, thoughtless youths,
ere long you'll think them weighty truths;
prudent it were to think so now;
ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:
for he, who at his early years
has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If folly have possessed his prime,
disease shall gather strength in time;
poison shall rage in every vein,—
nor penitence dilute the stain:
and when each hour shall urge his fate,
thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

The subject of my song is Health,
a good superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust it's worth?
consult the monarchs of the earth:
imperial czars, and sultans own
no gem so bright that decks their throne:
each for this pearl his crown would quit,
and turn a rustic or a cit.

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,
't is not recover'd when you please.

Say not that gruels shall avail,
for salutary gruels fail.
Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,
Apollo's son is Egypt's reed.*
How fruitless the physician's skill,
how vain the penetential pill,
the marble monuments proclaim,
the humbler turf confirms the same!
Prevention is the better cure,
so says the proverb, and 't is sure.
Would you extend your narrow span,
and make the most of life you can;
would you, when med'cines cannot save,
descend with ease into the grave;
calmly retire, like ev'ning light,
and, cheerful, bid the world good night?
Let temp'rance constantly preside,
our best physician, friend, and guide!
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
proud to be thought a man of sense?
let temp'rance (always friend to fame)
with steady hand direct your aim;
or, like an archer in the dark,
your random shaft will miss the mark:
for they who slight her golden rules,
in wisdom's volume stand for fools.

But morals, unadorn'd by art,
are seldom known to reach the heart.
I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
with all the scenery of dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
such as the infants on the breast;

* In allusion to 2 Kings xviii. 21.

when fancy, ever on the wing,
and fruitful as the genial spring,
presented, in a blaze of light,
a new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descry'd,
drest in the robes of summer pride;
the herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
that glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
and round their sportive lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murmuring brook I saw,
an humble cottage thatch'd with straw;
behind, a garden that supply'd
all things for use and none for pride:
beauty prevail'd through every part,
but more of nature than of art.

Hail thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!
I said, and bless'd the fair retreat:
here would I pass my remnant days,
unknown to censure or to praise;
forget the world, and be forgot,
as Pope describes his vestal's lot.

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
stept from a thicket's neighb'ring shade;
not Hampton's gallery can boast,
nor Hudson paint so fair a toast:
she claim'd the cottage for her own,
to Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)
the graces solemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flowers they wrought,
the orchard's blushing pride they brought:
hence in her face the lily speaks,
and hence the rose which paints her cheeks;

the cherry gave her lips to glow,
her eyes were debtors to the sloe;
and, to complete the lovely fair,
'tis said, the chesnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts,
but often seen in rural sports.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne
(to modern courts, I fear, unknown):
one was the nymph that loves the light,
fair Innocence, array'd in white;
with sister Peace in close embrace,
and heaven all opening in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,
and Virtue minister of state.
In other kingdoms, every hour,
you hear of vice preferr'd to power:
Vice was a perfect stranger here:
no knaves engross'd the royal ear:
no fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
Virtue dispos'd of every place.

What sickly appetites are ours,
still varying with the varying hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
'No matter,' says the fool, 'tis change.'

Her subjects now express'd apace
dissatisfaction in their face:
some view the state with envy's eye,
some were displeas'd, they knew not why:
when Faction, ever bold and vain,
with rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus should an angel from above,
fraught with benevolence and love,
descend to earth, and here impart
important truths to mend the heart:

would not th' instructive guest dispense
with passion, appetite, and sense,
we should his heavenly lore despise,
and send him to his former skies.

A dang'rous hostile power arose
to Health, whose household were her foes:
a harlot's loose attire she wore,
and Luxury the name she bore.
This princess, of unbounded sway,
whom Asia's softer sons obey,
made war against the queen of Health,
assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The queen was first to take the field,
arm'd with her helmet and her shield;
temper'd with such superior art,
that both were proof to every dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
and wond'rous fav'rites with the queen:
both were of Amazonian race,
both high in merit, and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
no fear could shake, no power controul;
the heroine wore a Roman vest,
a lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
with all the various plans of thought;
't was her's to bid the troops engage,
and teach the battle where to rage.

And now the Siren's armies press,
their van was headed by Excess:
the mighty wings that form'd the side,
commanded by the giant Pride:
while Sickness, and her sisters Pain
and Poverty the centre gain:

Repentance, with a brow severe,
and Death, were station'd in the rear.
Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
and acted the defensive part:
her army, posted on a hill,
plainly bespoke superior skill:
hence were discover'd through the plain,
the motions of the hostile train:
while Prudence, to prevent surprise,
oft sally'd with her trusty spies;
explor'd each ambuscade below,
and reconnoitred well the foe.
Afar when Luxury descry'd
inferior force by art supply'd,
the Siren spake—'Let Fraud prevail,
since all my num'rous hosts must fail;
henceforth hostilities shall cease,
I'll send to Health and offer peace.'
Strait she dispatch'd, with powers complete,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
and sow'd sedition in the heart!
Through every troop the poison ran,
all were infected to a man.
The wary generals were won
by Pleasures wiles, and both undone.
Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
and bade diseases blast their race;
look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
and snatch'd his darling to the skies:
who still regards those wiser few,
that dare her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
tho' Passion prompts, or Vice assails;

long shall the cloudless skies behold,
and their calm sun-set beam with gold.

CONTENT.

Man is deceiv'd by outward show—
't is a plain homespun truth, I know,
the fraud prevails at every age,
so says the school boy and the sage;
yet still we hug the dear deceit,
and still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part?
say, moralists, who know the heart:
if you 'll this laybrinth pursue,
I 'll go before and find the clue.

I dreamt ('t was on a birth day night)
a sumptuous palace rose to sight;
the builder had, through every part
observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
all the full force of light and shade:
around the livery'd servants wait;
an aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,
where Brussels' looms adorn'd the wall;
(whose tapestry shews, without my aid,
a nun is no such useless maid),
a graceful person came in view
(his form, it seems, is known to few);
his dress was unadorn'd with lace,
but charms! a thousand in his face.

'This, sir, your property?' I cry'd—
master and mansion coincide:

where all, indeed, is truly great,
and proves that bliss may dwell with state.
Pray, sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
and grant the favour of your name.'

'Content,' the lovely form reply'd;
'but think not here that I reside:
here lives a courtier, base and sly;
an open, honest rustic, I.
Our taste and manners disagree,
his levee boasts no charms for me:
for titles and the smiles of kings,
to me are cheap unheeded things.
('T is virtue can alone impart
the patent of a ducal heart:
unless this herald speaks him great,
what shall avail the glare of state?)
Those secret charms are my delight,
which shine remote from public sight:
passions subdu'd, desires at rest—
and hence his chaplain shares my breast.

There was a time (his grace can tell)
I knew the Duke exceeding well;
knew every secret of his heart;
in truth, we never were apart:
but when the court became his end,
he turn'd his back upon his friend.

One day I call'd upon his grace,
just as the duke had got a place:
I thought (but thought amiss, 't is clear),
I should be welcome to the peer,
yes, welcome to a man in power;
and so I was—for half an hour.
But he grew weary of his guest,
and soon discarded me his breast;

upbraided me with want of merit,
but most for poverty of spirit.
You relish not the great man's lot?
come hasten to my humbler cot.
Think me not partial to the great,
I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;
no monarchs share my kind embrace,
there's scarce a monarch knows my face:
Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
with modest worth in rural cells;
there's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,
or the rude turf sustain the head:
tho' hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.
Far from the city I reside,
and a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
True to my heart, I seldom roam,
because I find my joys at home.
For foreign visits then begin,
when the man feels a void within.
But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,
no humourist nor cynic, I.
Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
the friendships of the good and wise.
Bid Virtue and her sons attend.
Virtue will tell thee I'm her friend:
tell thee I'm faithful, constant, kind,
and meek and lowly, and resign'd;
will say, there's no distinction known
betwixt her household and my own.

Author. 'If these the friendships you pursue,
your friends I fear, are very few.
So little company, you say,
yet fond of home from day to day?

How do you shun Detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!'

Content. 'I commune with myself at night,
and ask my heart if all be right:
if 'right,' replies my faithful breast,
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.'

Auth. 'You seem regardless of the town:
pray, sir, how stand you with the gown?'

Cont. 'The clergy say they love me well,
whether they do, they best can tell:
they paint me modest, friendly, wise,
and always praise me to the skies;
but if conviction 's at the heart,
why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
if actions preach a different tale?
Who'll seek my door or grace my walls,
when neither dean nor prelate calls?

With those my friendships most obtain,
who prize their duty more than gain;
soft now the hours whene'er we meet,
and conscious virtue is our treat:
our harmless breasts no envy know,
and hence we fear no secret foe;
our walks ambition ne'er attends,
and hence we ask no powerful friends;
we wish the best to church and state,
but leave the steerage to the great;
careless, who rises, or who falls,
and never dream of vacant stalls;
much less by pride or int'rest drawn,
sigh for the mitre, and the lawn.

'Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart:

if you 'll my kind advice pursue,
I 'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.
The passions are a num'rous crowd,
imperious, positive and loud:
curb these licentious sons of strife;
hence chiefly rise the storms of life:
if they grow mutinous, and rave,
they are thy masters, thou their slave.
Regard the world with cautious eye,
nor raise your expectation high.
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
you neither fear nor hope too much.
For disappointment's not the thing,
't is pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea where storms must rise,
't is Folly talks of cloudless skies:
he who contracts his swelling sail,
eludes the fury of the gale.
Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
distrust embitters present joy:
on God for all events depend;
you cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy;
can she forget her prattling joy?
Say then, shall sov'reign love desert
the humble, and the honest heart?
Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind;
yet say not thou that Heaven's unkind.
God is alike, both good and wise,
in what he grants, and what denies:

perhaps what goodness gives to-day,
to morrow goodness takes away.
You say, that troubles intervene,
that sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
the world was ne'er design'd for thee:
you 're like a passenger below,
that stays, perhaps, a night or so;
but still his native country lies
beyond the bound'ries of the skies.
Of Heaven ask virtue, wisdom, health,
but never let thy prayer be wealth.
If food be thine (tho' little gold),
and raiment to repel the cold;
such as my nature's wants suffice,
not what from pride and folly rise;
if soft the motions of thy soul,
and a calm conscience crowns the whole;
add but a friend to all this store,
you can't in reason, wish for more:
and if kind Heaven thus comfort brings,
't is more than Heaven bestows on Kings.
He spake—the airy spectre flies,
and strait the sweet illusion dies.
The vision, at the early dawn,
consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;
to all the cares of waking clay,
and inconsistent dreams of day.

HAPPINESS.

Ye ductile youths, whose rising sun
hath many circles still to run!
who wisely wish the pilot's chart,
to steer through life th' unsteady heart;
and all the thoughtful voyage past,
to gain a happy port at last:
attend a seer's instructive song,
for moral truths to dreams belong.
I saw this wondrous vision soon,
long ere my sun had reach'd it's noon;
just when the rising beard began
to grace my chin, and call me man.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed
their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
my fancy led me to explore
a thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
and crowds pour'd in from every side:
all seem'd to start a diff'rent game,
yet all declar'd their views the same:
the chace was Happiness, I found,
but all, alas! enchanted ground.

Indeed I judg'd it wondrous strange,
to see the giddy numbers range
through roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
but sorrow to the human breast.
Methought if bliss was all their view,
why did they diff'rent paths pursue?
The waking world has long agreed,
that Bagshot's not the road to Tweed:

and he who Berwick seeks through Staines,
shall have his labour for his pains.

As Parnel * says, my bosom wrought
with travail of uncertain thought:
and as an angel help'd the dean,
my angel chose to intervene;
the dress of each was much the same,
and Virtue was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke,
(her voice was music as she spoke).

'Attend, O man, nor leave my side,
and safety shall thy footsteps guide;
such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
as none but favour'd mortals know.'

She said—and strait we march'd along
to join Ambition's active throng:
crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
and happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
in ambuscade along the green;
while vapours shed delusive light,
and bubbles mock'd the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies:
the slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
painful and hazardous to pass:
courtiers and statesman led the way,
the faithless paths their steps betray;
this moment seen aloft to soar,
the next to fall and rise no more.

'T was here Ambition kept her court,
a phantom of gigantic port;

* The Hermit.

the fav'rite that sustain'd her throne,
was Falsehood, by her vizard known;
next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
while meagre Envy claim'd a place,
and Jealousy, with jaundic'd face.
'But where is Happiness?' I cry'd.
My guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd:
'Mortal, by folly still beguil'd,
thou hast not yet outstripp'd the child;
thou, who hast twenty winters seen,
(I hardly think thee past fifteen)
to ask if Happiness can dwell
with every dirty imp of hell!
Go to the school-boy, he shall preach,
what twenty winters cannot teach;
he 'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
that thy pursuit is all a dream:
that Bliss ambitious views disowns,
and, self-dependent, laughs at thrones;
prefers the shades and lowly seats,
whither fair Innocence retreats:
so the coy lily of the vale,
shuns eminence, and loves the dale.'
I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
to find the money-getting train;
those silent, snug, commercial bands,
with busy looks, and dirty hands.
Amidst these thoughtful crowds the old
plac'd all their happiness in gold.
And surely, if there's bliss below,
these hoary heads the secret know.
We journey'd with the plodding crew,
when soon a temple rose to view:

a Gothic pile, with moss o'ergrown;
strong were the walls, and built with stone.
Without a thousand mastiffs wait:
a thousand bolts secure the gate.
We sought admission long in vain:
for here all favours sell for gain:
the greedy porter yields to gold,
his fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Assembled nations here we found,
and view'd the cringing herds around,
who daily sacrific'd to Wealth,
their honour, conscience, peace, and health.
I saw no charms that could engage;
the god appear'd like sordid age,
with hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
but serpents' eyes, and harpies' claws:
behind stood Fear, that restless spright,
which haunts the watches of the night;
and Viper-Care, that stings so deep,
whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten now to Pleasure's bowers;
where the gay tribes sat crown'd with flowers;
here Beauty every charm display'd,
and Love inflam'd the yielding maid:
delicious wine our taste employs,
his crimson bowl exalts our joys:
I felt it's gen'rous power, and thought
the pearl was found, that long I sought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:
the seraph disapprov'd my stay,
spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas! whene'er we talk of bliss,
how prone is man to judge amiss!

See a long train of ills conspires
to scourge our uncontroul'd desires.
Like summer swarms diseases crowd,
each bears a crutch, or each a shroud:
Fever! that thirsty fury, came,
with unextinguishable flame;
Consumption, sworn ally to Death!
crept slowly on with panting breath.
Gout roar'd, and shew'd his throbbing feet;
and Dropsy took the drunkard's seat:
Stone brought his tort'ring racks; and near
sat Palsy shaking in her chair!

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
a melancholy scene display'd:
his noseless face, and loathsome stains,
proclaim'd the poison in his veins:
he rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
he wept aloud, and thus address'd:

'Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
tho' Lewdness wear an angel's face.
Be wise by my experience taught,
I die, alas! for want of thought.'

As he who travels Lybia's plains,
where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,
when the grim foe obstructs his way:
my soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
my tott'ring limbs oppos'd my flight;
I call'd on Virtue, but in vain,
her absence quicken'd every pain:
at length the slighted angel heard,
the dear refulgent form appear'd.

'Presumptious youth,' she said and frown'd;
(my heart-strings flutter'd at the sound)

'who turns to me reluctant ears
shall shed repeated floods of tears.
These rivers shall for ever last,
there 's no retracting what is past:
nor think avenging ills to shun;
play a false card, and you 're undone.

'Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,
nor tempt the Syren's fatal snare:
forego this curs'd detested place,
abhor the strumpet and her race:
had you those softer paths pursu'd,
perdition, stripling, had ensu'd:
yes, fly—you stand upon it's brink;
to-morrow is too late to think.

'Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
but mark my sacred lesson well:
with me whoever lives at strife,
loses his better friend for life;
with me who lives in friendship's ties,
finds all that's sought for by the wise.
Folly exclaims, and well she may,
because I take her mask away;
if once I bring her to the sun,
the painted harlot is undone.
But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,
and leave deception to her fools.

'Ambition deals in tinsel toys,
her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys!
an arrant juggler in disguise,
who holds false optics to your eyes.
But ah! how quick the shadows pass;
tho' the bright visions through her glass
charm at a distance; yet, when near,
the baseless fabrics disappear.

'Nor Riches, boast intrinsic worth,
their charms, at best, superior earth:
these oft the heaven-born mind enslave,
and make an honest man a knave.
'Wealth cures my wants,' the miser cries;
be not deceiv'd—the miser lies:
one want he has, with all his store,
that worst of wants! the want of more.

'Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
and where is Happiness?' you say.
''T is here—and may be your's—for know
I 'm all that 's Happiness below.

'To Vice I leave tumultuous joys,
mine is the still and softer voice;
that whispers peace, when storms invade,
and music through the midnight shade.

'Come then, be mine in every part,
nor give me less than all your heart;
when troubles discompose your breast,
I 'll enter there, a cheerful guest:
my converse shall your cares beguile,
the little world within shall smile;
and then it scarce imports a jot,
whether the great world frowns or not.

'And when the closing scenes prevail,
when wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
all that a foolish world admires,
or passion craves, or pride inspires;
at that important hour of need,
Virtue shall prove a friend, indeed!
My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
my arms sustain thy drooping head:
and when the painful struggle 's o'er,
and that vain thing, the world, no more;

I 'll bear my fav'rite son away
to rapture, and eternal day.'

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! thou soft, propitious power!
sweet regent of the social hour!
sublime thy joys, nor understood,
but by the virtuous and the good!
Cabal and Riot take thy name,
but 't is a false affected claim.
In heaven if Love and Friendship dwell,
can they associate e'er with hell?

Thou art the same through change of times,
through frozen zones, and burning climes:
from the equator to the pole,
the same kind angel through the whole.
And since thy choice is always free,
I bless thee for thy smiles on me.
When sorrows swell the tempest high,
thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
for aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
nor soft Nepenthe * half so sure!
And when returning comforts rise,
thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.

While these ideas warm'd my breast,
my weary eye-lids stole to rest;
when Fancy re-assum'd the theme,
and furnish'd this instructive dream.

I sail'd upon a stormy sea,
(thousands embark'd alike with me)

* Nepenthe is a herb, which being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. 21. 21 f. & 25. 2.

my skiff was small, and weak beside,
not built, methought, to stem the tide.
The winds along the surges sweep,
the wrecks lie scatter'd through the deep;
aloud the foaming billows roar,
unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

While all our various course pursue,
a spacious isle salutes our view.
Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,
this new discover'd world divide.
A river parts their proper claim,
and Truth it's celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground
presents, with living verdure crown'd.
The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
and a kind sun that always smil'd.

Few storms molest the natives here;
cold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime, and grateful soil,
with plenty crowns the lab'rer's toil.

Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew,
her realms were small, her subjects few.
A thousand charms the palace grace,
a rock of adamant it's base.
Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
this structure braves the inclement sky.
E'en Time, which other piles devours,
and mocks the pride of human powers,
partial to Friendship's pile alone,
cements the joints, and binds the stone;
ripens the beauties of the place;
and calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne in order stand
four Amazons, a trusty band;

friends ever faithful to advise,
or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude in coat of mail!
there justice lifts her golden scale!
two hardy chiefs! who persevere,
with form erect, and brow severe;
who smile at perils, pains, and death,
and triumph with their latest breath.

Temp'rance, that comely matron,'s near
guardian of all the virtues here;
adorn'd with every blooming grace,
without one wrinkle in her face.
But Prudence most attracts the sight,
and shines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that rise,
she holds a mirror to her eyes;
the mirror, faithful to it's charge,
reflects the virgin's soul at large.

A virtue with a softer air,
was handmaid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
derives from heaven her spotless mind:
when actions wear a dubious face,
puts the best meaning on the case;
she spreads her arms, and bares her breast,
takes in the naked and distress'd;
prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
and from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid who acts this lovely part
grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity! be thou my guest,
and be thy constant couch my breast.

But virtues of inferior name,
crowd round the throne with equal claim:

in loyalty by none surpass'd,
they hold allegiance to the last.
Not ancient records e'er can show,
that one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd
alternate plots of flowers and shade,
where poppies shone with various hue,
where yielding willows plenteous grew;
and Humble * plants, by trav'llers thought
with slow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes, the eye descry'd
a powerful realm extended wide,
whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
and stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
Here Fatt'ry boasts despotic sway,
and basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in Deception's school,
the tyrant knew the arts to rule;
elated with the imperial robe,
she plans the conquest of the globe;
and aided by her servile trains,
leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.
Her darling minister is Pride,
(who ne'er was known to change his side)
a friend to all her interests just,
and active to discharge his trust;
caress'd alike by high and low,
the idol of the belle and beau:
in every shape he shews his skill,
and forms her subjects to his will;
enters their houses and their hearts,
and gains his point before he parts.

*The Humble plant bends down before the touch (as the sensative plant shrinks from the touch), and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

Sure never minister was known
so zealous for his sov'reign's throne!
Three sisters, similar in mein,
were maids of honour to the queen:
who farther favours shar'd beside,
as daughters of her statesmen Pride.
The first, Conceit, with tow'ring crest,
who look'd with scorn upon the rest;
fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
than dutchess in her own esteem.
Next Affectation, fair and young,
with half-form'd accents on her tongue,
whose antic shapes, and various face,
distorted every native grace.
Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
flaunting in Brussels and brocade;
fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
with all the trinkets of a child.
The people, loyal to the queen,
wore their attachment in their mien:
with cheerful heart they homage paid,
and happiest he who most obey'd.
While they who sought their own applause,
promoted most their sov'reign's cause.
The minds of all were fraught with guile,
their manners dissolute and vile;
and every tribe, like Pagans, run
to kneel before the rising sun.
But now some clam'rous sounds arise,
and all the pleasing vision flies.
Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
and gain'd th' imaginary deep;
Fancy presided at the helm,
and steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.

But oh! with horror I relate
the revolutions of her state.
The Trojan chief could hardly more
his Asiatic towers deplore.

For Flatt'ry view'd those fairer plains,
with longing eyes, where Friendship reigns,
with envy heard her neighbour's fame,
and often sigh'd to gain the same.
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,
to Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.

And now commencing open foe,
she plans in thought some mighty blow;
draws out her forces on the green,
and marches to invade the queen.

The river Truth the hosts withstood,
and roll'd her formidable flood.
Her current strong, and deep, and clear,
no fords were found, no ferries near:
but as the troops approach'd the waves,
their fears suggest a thousand graves;
they all retir'd with haste extreme,
and shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

Hypocrisy the gulph explores;
she forms a bridge, and joins the shores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
when military prowess fails.
The troops an easy passage find,
and Vict'ry follows close behind.

Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,
and now the fight promiscuous grows;
but Flatt'ry threw a poison'd dart,
and pierc'd the Empress to the heart.
The Virtues all around were seen
to fall in heaps about the queen.

The tyrant stript the mangled fair,
she wore her spoils, assum'd her air;
and mounting next the suff'rer's throne,
claim'd the queen's titles as her own.

'Ah! injur'd maid,' aloud I cry'd,
'Ah! injur'd maid, the rocks reply'd:
but judge my griefs, and share them too,
for the sad tale pertains to you;
judge, reader, how severe the wound,
when Friendship's foes were mine, I found;
when the sad scene of pride and guile
was Britain's poor degen'rate isle.

The Amazons, who propp'd the state,
haply surviv'd the gen'ral fate.
Justice to Powis-House is fled,
and Yorke sustains her radiant head.
The virtue Fortitude appears
in open day at Ligonier's;
illustrious heroine of the sky,
who leads to vanquish or to die!
'T was she our vet'rans' breast inspir'd,
when Belgia's faithless sons retir'd:
for Tournay's treach'rous towers can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial virtue of the plain!
she rous'd the lions of the main:
hence Vernon's * little fleet succeeds,
and hence the gen'rous Cornwall † bleeds!
hence Grenville ‡ glorious!—for she smil'd
on the young hero from a child.

Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,
they 'll suit plebeian breasts as well.

* At Porto Bello.

† Against the combin'd fleets of France and Spain.

‡ Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.

Say, that the mighty and the great
blaze like meridian suns of state;
effulgent excellence display,
like Hallifax, in floods of day;
our lesser orbs may pour their light,
like the mild crescent of the night.
Tho' pale our beams, and small our sphere,
still we may shine serene and clear.

Give to the judge the scarlet gown,
to martial souls the civic crown;
What then? is merit their's alone?
have we no worth to call our own?
shall we not vindicate our part,
in the firm breast, and upright heart?
Reader, these virtues may be thine,
tho' in superior light they shine.
I can't discharge great Hardwick's trust—
true—but my soul may still be just.
And tho' I can't the state defend,
I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.

Two golden virtues are behind,
of equal import to the mind;
Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,
or to reclaim us when we stray;
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
when Vice and Folly throw the dart;
each virtue, let the world agree,
daily resides with you and me.
And when our souls in friendship join,
we 'll deem the social bond divine;
through every scene maintain our trust,
nor e'er be timid or unjust.
That breast where Honour builds his throne,
that breast which Virtue calls her own,

nor int'rest warps, nor fear appals,
when danger frowns, or lucre calls.
No! the true friend collected stands,
fearless his heart, and pure his hands.
Let int'rest plead, let storms arise,
he dares be honest, tho' he dies.

MARRIAGE.

Inscribed to Miss****.

Fairest, this vision is thy due,
I form'd the instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
your welfare actuates every page;
but ponder well my sacred theme,
and tremble while you read my dream.

Those awful words, "Till death do part,"
may well alarm the youthful heart:
no after-thought, when once a wife;
the die is cast, and cast for life;
yet thousands venture every day,
as some base passion leads the way.
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock-scenes,
tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;
smiles on her whining spark, and hears
the sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
impatient of a parent's rule,
she leaves her sire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
and love is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of sordid mould,
who barter youth and bloom for gold;

careless with what, or whom they mate,
their ruling passion 's all for state.
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
abhors the mercenary mind:
such rebels groan beneath his rod,
for Hymen 's a vindictive god;
' Be joyless every night,' he said,
' and barren be their nuptial bed.'
Attend, my fair, to Wisdom's voice,
a better fate shall crown thy choice.
A married life, to speak the best,
is all a lottery confest:
yet if my fair one will be wise,
I will insure my girl a prize;
tho' not a prize to match thy worth,
perhaps thy equal 's not on earth.
'T is an important point to know,
there 's no perfection here below.
Man 's an odd compound, after all,
and ever has been since the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his soul,
still man is proud, nor brooks controul.
And tho' a slave in Love's soft school,
in wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him,
if few those faults, you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
as want of temper, and of sense.
For when the sun deserts the skies,
and the dull evening winters rise,
then for a husband's social power,
to form the calm, conversive hour:
the treasures of thy breast explore,
from that rich mine to draw the ore;

fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
and give thy native gold to shine;
shew thee, as really thou art,
tho' fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
as soon they must, thou charming maid!
when in thy cheeks the roses die,
and sickness clouds that brilliant eye;
say, when or age or pains invade,
and those dear limbs shall call for aid;
if thou be fetter'd to a fool,
shall not his transient passion cool?
And when thy health and beauty end,
shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
e'en then thou lovely shalt appear;
he 'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
and, weeping, claim the larger part;
tho' age impair that beauteous face,
he 'll prize the pearl beyond it's case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
friendship is only then complete.
" Blest state! where souls each other draw,
where love is liberty and law!"
the choicest blessing found below,
that man can wish, or Heaven bestow!
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
for lovely Chloe once was mine;
nor fear the varnish of my style,
tho' poet, I 'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah me! my faithful lips impart
the genuine language of my heart!

When bards extol their patrons high,
perhaps 't is gold extorts the lie;

perhaps the poor reward of bread—
but who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
careless of censure or applause;
whose soul is upright and sincere,
with nought to wish, and nought to fear.
Now to my visionary scheme
attend, and profit by my dream.
Amidst the slumbers of the night,
a stately temple rose to sight;
and ancient as the human race,
if nature's purposes you trace;
this fane, by all the wise rever'd,
to wedlock's powerful god was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
his locks were frosted o'er by age;
his garb was plain, his mind serene,
and wisdom dignified his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
and found 't was Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.
Apace the giddy crowds advance,
and a lewd satyr led the dance:
I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
for oh! what thousands were undone!
The sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,
in pity flew to join their side:
the disconcerted pairs began
to rail against him, to a man:
vow'd they were strangers to his name,
nor knew from whence the dotard came.
But mark the sequel—for this truth
highly concerns impetuous youth:
long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on every twain;

at every house, and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong;
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
and every wayward child of Spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
attended by a num'rous train:
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
was first in favour, and in place:
then came the god with solemn gait,
whose every word was big with fate;
his hand a flaming taper bore,
that sacred symbol, fam'd of yore:
Virtue, adorn'd with every charm,
sustain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
with all the roses of eighteen:
Youth led the gaily-smiling fair,
his purple pinions wav'd in air:
Wealth, a close hunks, walk'd hobbling nigh,
with vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,
who threescore years had seen or more,
('t is said his coat had seen a score;)
proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd,
poets alone can paint the maid:
trust me, Hogarth (tho' great thy fame),
't would pose thy skill to draw the same;
and yet thy mimic power is more
than ever painter's was before:
now she was fair as cygnet's down,
now as Mat. Prior's Emma, brown;
and, changing as the changing flower,
her dress she vary'd every hour:

't was Fancy, child!—you know the fair,
who pins your gown, and sets your hair.
Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
and sits the arbiter of fate:
his head with radiant glories drest,
gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast:
Love, took his station on the right,
his quiver beam'd with golden light.
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
she claim'd this ceremonial joy,
because related to the boy;
(said it was her's to point his dart,
and speed it's passage to the heart);
while on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.
And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
and now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
I saw a blooming trembling bride,
a toothless lover join'd her side;
averse she turn'd her weeping face,
and shudder'd at the cold embrace.
But various baits their force impart:
thus titles lie at Celia's heart:
a passion much too foul to name,
cost supercilious prudes their fame:
prudes wed to publicans and sinners;
the hungry poet weds for dinners.
The god with frown indignant view'd
the rabble covetous or lewd;
by every vice his altars stain'd,
by every fool his rites profan'd:
when Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;

drew up in form his heavy charge,
desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,
the young espous'd the plaintiff's side:
the old declar'd for the defendant,
for Age is Money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd
by gracious Heaven to match the mind;
to pair the tender and the just,
and his the delegated trust:
that Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
and taught the tongue to wrong the heart;
but what avails the faithless voice?
the injur'd heart disdains the choice.

Wealth strait reply'd, that Love was blind
and talk'd at random of the mind:
that killing eyes, and bleeding hearts
and all th' artillery of darts,
were long ago exploded fancies,
and laugh'd at even in romances.
Poets, indeed, style Love a treat,
perhaps for want of better meat:
and Love might be delicious fare,
could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on Love,
(those purer essences above)
yet Albion's sons, he understood,
preferr'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
his gray admirers hemm'd applause.

With seeming conquest pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;
when Fortune, to restrain his pride,
and fond to favour Love beside,

op'ning the miser's tape-ty'd vest,
disclos'd the cares which stung his breast:
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
and a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight,
his gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, tho' grave his temper, smil'd,
for Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
in turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel scores we often find
repaid the criminal in kind.
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!
ambitious of a wealthy friend,
advanc'd into the Miser's place,
and star'd the stripling in the face;
whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay;
I thought the chit would swoon away.

The god was studious to employ
his cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;
and therefore issu'd his decree,
that the two parties strait agree.
When both obey'd the god's commands,
and Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
believe me, far surpasses thought.
If Love had many charms before,
he now had charms, ten thousand more.
If wealth had serpents in his breast,
they now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain affected thing,
who join'd the hymeneal ring,
approach'd with round unthinking face,
and thus the trifler states her case.

She said, that Love's complaints, 't was known,
exactly tally'd with her own;
that Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
and robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
desiring judgment against Wealth,
for falsehood, perjury, and stealth:
all which she could on oath depose,
and hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,
call'd her an interloping dame;
look'd through the crowd with angry state,
and blam'd the porter at the gate,
for giving entrance to the fair,
when she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
he order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
and each bright fair disputes the prize,
to Fancy's court we straight apply,
and wait the sentence of her eye;
in Beauties realms she holds the seals,
and her awards preclude appeals.

LIFE.

Let not the young my precepts shun;
who slight good counsels, are undone.
Your poet sung of Love's delights,
of halcyon days and joyous nights;
to the gay fancy lovely themes;
and fain I 'd hope they 're more than dreams
But, if you please, before we part,
I 'd speak a language to your heart.

We'll talk of Life, tho' much I fear,
th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
and hardly know the reason why:
but say Life's tree bears golden fruit,
some canker shall corrode the root;
some unexpected storm shall rise,
or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
and (if experienc'd truths avail)
all your autumnal hopes shall fail.

'But, Poet, whence such wide extremes?
well may you style your labours Dreams.
A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
whose Visions are the brats of Spleen.
Is bliss a vague unmeaning name—
speak then the passion's use or aim:
why rage desires without controul,
and rouse such whirlwinds in the soul;
why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,
and laughs, and riots in the breast;
think not my weaker brain turns round,
think not I tread on fairy ground;
think not, your pulse alone beats true—
mine makes as healthful music to.
Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,
put forth their early buds apace.
See the bloom loads the tender shoot,
the bloom conceals the future fruit.
Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
shall ripen what in spring begun.
Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
in germinating clusters grow;
and only wait the summer's ray,
to burst and blossom to the day.'

What said the gay unthinking boy?—
methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
or what those mighty joys you prize.
You'll find (and trust superior years)
the vale of life a vale of tears.
Could Wisdom teach, where joys abound,
or riches purchase them, when found,
would scepter'd Solomon complain,
that all was fleeting, false, and vain?
Yet scepter'd Solomon could say,
returning clouds obscur'd his day.
Those maxims which the preacher drew,
the royal sage experienc'd true.
He knew the various ills that wait
our infant and meridian state;
that toys our earliest thoughts engage,
and diff'rent toys maturer age;
that grief at every stage appears,
but diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;
that vanity is seen, in part,
inscrib'd on every human heart;
in the child's breast the spark began,
grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
if follies die, do griefs abate?
Ah! what is life at fourscore years?—
one dark, rough road of sighs, groans, pains, & tears!

Perhaps you'll think I act the same,
as a sly sharper pays his game:
you triumph every deal that's past,
he's sure to triumph at the last!
who often wins some thousands more
than twice the sum you won before.

But I'm a loser with the rest,
for life is all a deal at best,
where not the prize of wealth or fame,
repays the trouble of the game
(a truth no winner e'er deny'd,
an hour before that winner dy'd).
Not that with me these prizes shine,
for neither fame nor wealth is mine.
My cards!—a weak plebeian band,
with scarce an honour in my hand,
and, since my trumps are very few,
what have I more to boast than you?
Nor am I gainer by your fall!
that harlot Fortune bubbles all.

'T is truth (receive it ill or well)
't is melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
and smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure, physicians have no merit,
who kill, through lenity of spirit.
That Life 's a game, divines confess;
this says at cards, and that at chess:
but if our views be centred here,
't is all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
and hostile vessels crowd the main,
if they discover from afar
a bark as distant as a star,
hold the perspective to their eyes,
to learn it's colours, strength, and size;
and when this secret once they know,
make ready to receive the foe.
Let you and I from sailors learn
important truths of like concern.

I clos'd the day, as custom led,
with reading, till the time of bed;
where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
again display'd her magic power,
(for know that Fancy like a spright,
prefers the silent scenes of night).
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
no matter where the thicket stood;
the genius of the place was nigh,
and held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had pourtray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They, who have only known it's dawn,
may think these lines too deeply drawn;
but riper years, I fear, will shew,
the wiser artist paints too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,
where not a summer's sun had smil'd:
the road with thorns is covered wide,
and Grief sits weeping by the side;
her tears with constant tenor flow,
and form a mournful lake below;
whose silent waters, dark and deep,
through all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter, or that slay,
are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here vice assumes the serpent's shape;
there Folly personates the ape;
here Av'rice gripes with harpies claws;
there Malice grins with tygers jaws;
while sons of Mischief, Art, and Guile,
are alligators of the Nile.

E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part,
she charms the sense, but stings the heart;

and when she gulls us of our wealth,
or that superior pearl, our health,
restores us nought but pains and woe,
and drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,
with desolation in his hands!
he sends the all-devouring flame,
and cities hardly boast a name:
or wings the pestilental blast,
and, lo! ten thousands breathe their last:
he speaks—obedient tempests roar,
and guilty nations are no more:
he speaks—the fury Discord raves,
and sweeps whole armies to their graves;
or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
and Hunger howls through all the land.

Oh! what a wretch is man, I cry'd,
expos'd to death on every side!
and sure as born, to be undone
by evils which he cannot shun!
besides a thousand baits to sin,
a thousand traitors lodg'd within!
For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
the rebels take the demon's part.

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
when strait the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
the same as in the piece before.
But gleams of light are here display'd,
to cheer the eye and gild the shade.
Affliction speaks a softer style,
and Disappointment wears a smile.
A group of Virtues blossom near,
their roots improve by every tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
to calm the storm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
and warms the solitary heart;
Religion nobler comfort brings,
disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
points out the balance on the whole,
and Heaven rewards the struggling soul.
But while those raptures I pursue,
the genius suddenly withdrew.

DEATH.

'T is thought my Visions are too grave;*
a proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps, if Int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
had join'd the laughing low buffoon,
and scribbled satire and lampoon;
or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
and fann'd the coals of wanton fire;
then had my paltry Visions sold;
yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
had prov'd the darlings of the town,
and I—a poet of renown!
Let not my awful theme surprise,
let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue,
no wreaths of cypress or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or herse,
shall ne'er deform my softer verse:

* See the "Monthly Review of new Books," for February 1751.

let me consign the fun'ral plume,
the heralds paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
and all the solemn farce of graves,
to undertakers and their slaves.

You know, that moral writers say
the world's a stage, and life a play;
that in this drama, to succeed,
requires much thought, and toil, indeed!
there still remains one labour more,
perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
the harder task is still behind;
that harder task to quit the stage
in early youth, or riper age;
to leave the company and place,
with firmness, dignity, and grace.

Come, then, the closing scenes survey,
't is the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
and gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
but, oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.

Instructive heroes! tell us whence
your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
You part from all we prize so dear,
nor drop one soft reluctant tear:
part from those tender joys of life,
the friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulph you brave,
and ride exulting on the wave;
deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
nor send one wishful look to shore.

For foreign ports and lands unknown,
thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
obedient to the rising gale,
unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
defies the ocean and the wind,
nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.

Is Death a powerful monarch? True:
perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
or swells the object to the sight.
Attend my visionary page,
and I 'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghastly form appear,
he 's not so terrible when near.
Distance deludes th' unwary eye,
so clouds seem monsters in the sky:
hold frequent converse with him now,
he 'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
because you shun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
whence thy pale cheek and frighted eye?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
when the grim lion shakes his crest?
because these savage sights are new—
no keeper shudders at the view.
Keepers, accustom'd to the scene,
approach the dens with look serene,
fearless their grisly charge explore,
and smile to hear the tyrants roar.

'Ay—but to die! to bid adieu!
an everlasting farewell too!
farewell to every joy around!
Oh! the heart sickens at the sound!'

Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught—
joy didst thou say?—discard the thought.
Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
and scorn a sublunary root.
What wears the face of joy below,
is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
are nothings with a pompous name;
or else, like comets in the sphere,
shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
yet still we hope, and still we toil:
deceive ourselves with wond'rous art,
and disappointment wrings the heart.

Thus when a mist collects around,
and hovers o'er a barren ground,
the poor deluded trav'ller spies
imagin'd trees and structures rise;
but when the shrouded sun is clear,
the desert and the rocks appear.

'Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
sure 't is a dreadful thing to die!
To die! and what exalts the gloom,
I 'm told that man survives the tomb!
O! can the learned prelate find
what future scenes await the mind?
Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?
some courteous angel point the way!
That unknown somewhere in the skies!
say, where that unknown somewhere lies;
and kindly prove, when life is o'er,
that pains and sorrows are no more:

For doubtless, dying is a curse,
if present ills be chang'd for worse.'
Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
and listen to your poet's dream.
Ere-while I took an evening walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep,
each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.
The sky all beauteous to behold,
was streak'd with azure, green, and gold;
but, tho' serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
then settled on Honorio's breast,
which shudder'd at the fatal guest.
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil,
disease eludes the doctor's skill.
The poison spreads through all the frame,
ferments and kindles into flame.
From side to side Honorio turns,
and now with thirst insatiate burns.
His eyes resign their wonted grace,
those friendly lamps expire apace!
the brain 's an useless organ grown,
and Reason tumbled from his throne.—
But while the purple surges glow,
the currents thicken as they flow;
the blood in every distant part
stagnates and disappoints the heart;
defrauded of it's crimson store,
the vital engine plays no more.
Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
call'd every friend to bid farewell.
I join'd the melancholy bier,
and dropp'd the unavailing tear.

The clock struck twelve—when nature sought
repose from all the pangs of thought;
and while my limbs were sunk to rest,
a vision sooth'd my troubled breast.
I dream'd the spectre Death appear'd,
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
a state no prince assum'd before.
All nature fetch'd a general groan,
and lay expiring round his throne.
I gaz'd—when strait arose to sight
the most detested fiend of night.
He shuffled with unequal pace,
and conscious shame deform'd his face.
With Jealous leer he squinted round,
or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monster came,
Sin was his sire, and Guilt his name.
This fury, with officious care,
waited around the sov'reign's chair;
in robes of terror drest the king;
and arm'd him with a baneful sting;
gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
and hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
proclaim'd their master's empire loud;
and all obedient to his will,
flew in commission'd troops to kill.
A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
and lightning glares, and thunder rolls,
The monarch and his train prepare
to range the foul tempestuous air.
Strait to his shoulders he applies
two pinions of enormous size!

Methought I saw the ghastly form
stretch his black wings, and mount the storm.
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
and join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqu'ror urg'd his way,
he scatter'd terror and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
thousands who sneer'd at Death before.
Life's records rise on every side,
and Conscience spreads those volumes wide;
which faithful registers were brought
by pale-ey'd Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
by Conscience, that impartial scribe!
whose honest palm disdains a bribe.
Their actions all like critics view,
and all like faithful critics too.
As guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
what tears of blood bedew'd the page!
all shudder'd at the black account,
and scarce believ'd the vast amount!
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
would Death relent, and sheath his dart.
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
all to their follies fled anew.

So when a wolf, who scours at large,
springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
the flock in wild disorder fly,
and cast behind a frequent eye;
but when the victim 's borne away,
they rush to pasture and to play.

Indulge my dream, and let my pen
paint those unmeaning creatures, men,

Carus, with pain and sickness worn,
chides the slow night, and sighs for morn;
soon as he views the eastern ray,
he mourns the quick return of day;
hourly laments protracted breath,
and courts the healing hand of Death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,
pines for his dark sepulchral bed,
to mingle with th' unheeded dead.

With fourscore years gray Natho bends,
a burden to himself and friends;
and with impatience seems to wait
the friendly hand of ling'ring fate.
So hirelings wish their labour done,
and often eye the western sun.

The monarch hears their various grief,
descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
On Death with wild surprise they star'd;
all seem'd averse! all unprepar'd!

As torrents sweep with rapid force,
the grave's pale chief pursu'd his course.
No human power can or withstand,
or shun the conquests of his hand.
Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
and, as a guardian angel, kind,
with every heartfelt worth beside,
turn the keen shaft of Death aside,
when would the brave Augustus join
the ashes of his sacred line?
But Death maintains no partial war,
he mocks a sultan or a czar.
He lays his iron hand on all—
yes, kings, and sons of kings, must fall!

a truth Britannia lately felt,
and trembled to her centre——!*
Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
would Grenville own this common foe?
for greater talents ne'er were known
to grace the fav'rite of a throne.

Could genius save—wit, learning, fire—
tell me, would Chesterfield expire?
Say, would his glorious sun decline,
and set like your pale star or mine?

Could every virtue of the sky—
would Herring,† Butler,‡ Secker‖ die?

Why this address to peerage all—
untitled Allen's virtues call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
lords, with your leave, 't is no disgrace.
Tho' high your ranks in Heralds' rolls,
know virtue too ennobles souls.
By her that private man 's renown'd
who pours a thousand blessings round.
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
and draws out all his gen'rous heart;
anxious to seize the fleeting day,
lest unimprov'd it steal away;
While thus he walks with jealous strife
through goodness, as he walks through life,
shall not I mark his radiant path?—
rise, muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
publish abroad, could goodness save,
Allen would disappoint the grave;
translated to the heavenly shore,
like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.

*Refering to the death of his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales. †Archbishop of Canterbury. ‡Late Bishop of Durham. ‖Bishop of Oxford.

Not Beauty's powerful pleas restrain—
her pleas are trifling, weak and vain;
for women pierce with shrieks the air,
smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair.
All have a doleful tale to tell,
how friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!
Alas! is life our fav'rite theme!
'tis all a vain or painful dream.
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
but slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives, for others' ills must groan,
or bleed for sorrows of his own;
must journey on with weeping eye,
then pant, sink, agonize and die.
And shall a man arraign the skies,
because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
Impatient Reptile! Reason cry'd;
arraign thy passion and thy pride.
Retire, and commune with thy heart,
ask whence thou can'st, and what thou art.
Explore thy body and thy mind,
thy station too, why here assign'd.
The search shall teach thee life to prize,
and make thee grateful, good, and wise.
Why do you roam to foreign climes,
to study nations, modes, and times;
a science often dearly bought,
and often what avails you nought?
Go, man, and act a wiser part,
study the science of your heart.
This home philosophy, you know,
was priz'd some thousand years ago.†

† "Know thyself"—a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the seven wise men of Greece.

Then why abroad a frequent guest?
Why such a stranger to your breast?
Why turn so many volumes o'er,
till Dodsley can supply no more?
Not all the volumes on thy shelf,
are worth that single volume, Self.
For who this sacred book declines,
howe'er in other arts he shines;
tho' smit with Pindar's noble rage,
or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
tho' deeply read in Plato's school;
with all his knowledge, is a fool.

Proclaim the truth—say, what is man?
His body from the dust began;
and when a few short years are o'er,
the crumbling fabric is no more.

But whence the soul? From heaven it came!
Oh! prize this intellectual flame.
This nobler Self with rapture scan,
'tis mind alone which makes the man.
Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
but from the soul derives it's birth.
Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)
who treats by day and drinks by night,
what makes his entertainments shine,
what gives the relish to his wine;
he'll tell thee (if he scorn the beast),
that social pleasures form the feast.
The charms of Beauty too shall cloy,
unless the soul exalts the joy.
The mind must animate the face,
or cold and tasteless every grace.

What! must the soul her powers dispense
to raise and swell the joys of sense?—

Know too, the joys of sense controul,
and clog the motions of the soul;
forbid her pinions to aspire,
damp and impair her native fire:
and sure as Sense (that tyrant!) reigns,
she holds the empress, Soul, in chains,
inglorious bondage to the mind,
heaven-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
She 's independent, fair, and great,
and justly claims a large estate;
she asks no borrow'd aids to shine,
she boasts within a golden mine;
but, like the treasures of Peru,
her wealth lies deep and far from view.
Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
debase her dignity and birth?
or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
who kindly gave her leave to be;
call'd her from nothing into day,
and built her tenement of clay?
hear and accept me for your guide,
(Reason shall ne'er desert your side).
Who listens to my wiser voice,
can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
pleas'd with that First and Sovereign Cause,
pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws;
secure, since Sovereign Goodness reigns,
secure, since Sovereign Power obtains.
With curious eyes review thy frame,
this science shall direct thy claim.
Dost thou indulge a double view,
a long, long life, and happy too?
Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
to lie down easy in the grave.

Know then my dictates must prevail,
or surely each fond wish shall fail.—
Come then is happiness thy aim?
let mental joys be all thy game.
Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
the capture shall reward the chace.
Let every minute, as it springs,
convey fresh knowledge on it's wings;
let every minute, as it flies,
record thee good as well as wise.
While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
in a few years you'll live an age.
Who measures life by rolling years?
fools measure by revolving spheres.
Go, thou and fetch th' unerring rule
from Virtue's, and from Wisdom's school.
Who well improves life's shortest day,
will scarce regret it's setting ray;
contented with his share of light,
nor fear nor wish th' approach of night.
And when Disease assaults the heart,
when Sickness triumphs over Art,
reflections on a life well past,
shall prove a cordial to the last;
this med'cine shall the soul sustain,
and soften or suspend her pain;
shall break Death's fell tyrannic power,
and calm the troubled dying hour.
Blest rules of cool prudential age!
I listened, and revered the sage.
When, lo! a form divinely bright
descends and bursts upon my sight,
a seraph of illustrious birth!
(Religion was her name on earth),

supremely sweet her radiant face,
and blooming with celestial grace!
Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
and pinions flutt'ring for the sky;
here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
and golden anchors grace her hands;
there Charity, in robes of white,
fairest and fav'rite maid of light!

The seraph spake—' 'T is Reason's part,
to govern and to guard the heart;
to lull the wayward soul to rest,
when hopes and fears distract the breast.
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
and steer thy bark through various life:
but when the storms of death are nigh,
and midnight darkness veils the sky,
shall reason then direct thy sail,
disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
skill! that transcends his scanty line.'

That hoary sage has counsell'd right—
be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
Revere thyself—thou 'rt near ally'd
to angels on thy better side.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
angels are but unbodied minds;
when the partition walls decay,
men emerge angels from their clay.

Yes, when the frailer body dies,
the soul asserts her kindred skies.
But minds, tho' sprung from heavenly race,
must first be tutor'd for the place.

(The joys above are understood,
and relish'd only by the good.)
Who shall assume this guardian care?
Who shall secure their birthright there?
Souls are my charge—to me 't is given
to train them for their native heaven.

'Know then—who bow the early knee,
and give the willing heart to me;
who wisely, when temptation waits,
elude her frauds, and spurn her baits;
who dare to own my injur'd cause,
(tho' fools deride my sacred laws);
or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
tho' Persecution lift her thong;
tho' all the sons of hell conspire
to raise the stake and light the fire;
know that for such superior souls,
there lies a bliss beyond the poles;
where spirits shine with purer ray,
and brighten to meridian day;
where love, where boundless friendship rules,
(no friends that change, no love that cools!)
where rising floods of knowledge roll,
and pour and pour upon the soul!

'But where 's the passage to the skies?—
The road through Death's black valley lies.
Nay, do not shudder at my tale—
tho' dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
This path the best of men have trod;
and who 'd decline the road to God?
Oh! 't is a glorious boon to die!
this favour can't be priz'd too high.'

While thus she spake, my looks express'd
the raptures kindling in my breast:

my soul a fix'd attention gave;
when the stern monarch of the grave
with haughty strides approach'd.—Amaz'd
I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
and kindly wip'd the falling tear;
then hasted with expanded wing
to meet the pale terrific king.
But now what milder scenes arise!
the tyrant drops his hostile guise.
He seems a youth divinely fair,
in graceful ringlets waves his hair.
His wings their whitening plumes display,
his burnish'd plumes reflect the day.
Light flows his shining azure vest,
and all the angel stands confest.

I view'd the change with sweet surprise.
and oh! I panted for the skies;
thank'd Heaven that e'er I drew my breath,
and triumph'd in the thoughts of death.

EPITAPHS.

Reader, approach my urn—thou need'st not fear
th' extorted promise of one plaintive tear,
to mourn thy unknown friend—from me thou 'lt learn
more than a Plato taught—the grand concern
of mortals!—wrapt in pensive thought, survey
this little freehold of unthinking clay,
and know thy end!
Tho' young, tho' gay, this scene of death explore,
alas! the young, the gay is now no more!

ON JOHN DUKE OF BRIDGWATER,

who died in the twenty-first year of his age, 1747-8.

Intent to hear, and bounteous to bestow,
a mind that melted at another's woe;
studious to act the self-approving part,
that midnight music of the honest heart!
Those silent joys th' illustrious youth possess'd,
those cloudless sunshines of the spotless breast;
from pride of peerage, and from folly free,
life's early morn, fair Virtue! gave to thee;
forbade the tear to steal from sorrow's eye,
bade anxious poverty forget to sigh;
like Titus, knew the value of a day,
and want went smiling from his gates away.
The rest were honours borrow'd from the throne;
these honours, EGERTON, were all thy own!

THE FIRE-SIDE.

Dear Cloe! while the busy crowd,
the vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
in folly's maze advance;
tho' singularity and pride
be call'd our choice, we 'll step aside,
nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
to our own family and fire,
where love our hours employs;
no noisy neighbour enters here,
no intermeddling stranger near,
to spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
within our breast this jewel lies,
and they are fools who roam;
the world has nothing to bestow,
from our own selves our bliss must flow,
and that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
when with impatient wing she left
that safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
the disappointed bird once more
explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
we, who improve his golden hours,

by sweet experience know,
that marriage, rightly understood,
gives to the tender and the good,
a paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
if tutor'd right, they 'll prove a spring
whence pleasures ever rise:
we 'll form their minds with studious care
to all that 's manly, good, and fair,
and train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
they 'll joy our youth, support our age,
and crown our hoary hairs;
they 'll grow in virtue every day,
and they our fondest loves repay,
and recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they 're all our own,
while to the world we live unknown,
or by the world forgot:
monarchs! we envy not your state,
we look with pity on the great,
and bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
but then how little do we need,
for nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
to want no more than may suffice,
and make that little do.

We 'll therefore relish with content,
whate'er kind Providence has sent,
nor aim beyond our power;
for, if our stock be very small,

't is prudence to enjoy it all,
nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
patient when favours are deny'd,
and pleas'd with favours given;
dear Cloe! this is wisdom's part,
this is that incense of the heart,
whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long-protracted treat,
since winter-life is seldom sweet;
but, when our feast is o'er,
grateful from table we 'll arise,
nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
the relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we 'll go;
it's checker'd paths of joy and woe
with cautious steps we 'll tread;
quit it's vain scenes without a tear,
without a trouble, or a fear,
and mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
shall through the gloomy vale attend,
and cheer our dying breath;
shall, when all other comforts cease,
like a kind angel, whisper peace,
and smooth the bed of death.

TO A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

Fairest flower! all flowers excelling,
which in Milton's page we see;
flowers of Eve's embower'd dwelling *
are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
emulate thy damask cheek;
how the bud it's sweets discloses—
buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
emblems of a double kind;
emblems of thy fair complexion,
emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl! both flowers and beauty
blossoms fade, and die away;
then pursue good sense and duty,
evergreens! which ne'er decay.

TO-MORROW.

"Pereunt et imputantur."

To-morrow, didst thou say?
methought I heard Horatio say, to-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it.—To-morrow!
't is a sharper, who stakes his penury
against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
and pays thee nought but wishes, hopes & promises,
the currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
that gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!

* Alluding to Milton's description of Eve's bower.

it is a period no where to be found
in all the hoary registers of time,
unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
with those who own it. No, my Horatio,
't is Fancy's child, and Folly is it's father;
wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
as the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;
for be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
and tho' their flight be silent, and their path trackless
as the wing'd couriers of the air,
they post to heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, tho' station'd on the important watch,
thou, like a sleeping, faithless centinel,
didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
for every fugitive: and when thou thus
shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
imprint the marks of wisdom on it's wings.
'T is of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!—
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
the good old patriarch upon record,
hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

AN ILLUSION TO HORACE, ODE, XVI. BOOK II.

Inscribed to H. W. Esq.

> " Otium divos rogat in patenti
> prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
> condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent
> Sidera nautis," &c.

Say, heavenly Quiet! propitious nymph of light,
why art thou thus conceal'd from human sight?
tir'd of life's follies, fain I 'd gain thy arms,
oh! take me panting to thy peaceful charms;
sooth my wild soul, in thy soft fetters caught,
and calm the surges of tumultuous thought.

Thee, goddess, thee all states of life implore,
the merchant seeks thee on the foreign shore:
through frozen zones and burning isles he flies,
and tempts the various horrors of the skies.
Nor frozen zones, nor burning isles controul
that thirst of gain, that fever of the soul.
But mark the change—impending storms affright,
array'd in all the majesty of night—
the raging winds, discharg'd their mystic caves,
roar the dire signal to th' insulting waves.
The foaming legions charge the ribs of oak,
and the pale fiend present at every stroke.
To thee the unhappy wretch in pale despair
bends the weak knee, and lifts the hand in prayer;
views the sad cheat, he 'll ne'er again
range the hot clime, or trust the faithless main,
or own so mean a thought, that thou art brib'd by gain.

To thee the harness'd chief devotes his breath,
and braves the thousand avenues of death;
now red with fury seeks th' embattled plain,

wades floods of gore, and scales the hills of slain;
now on the fort with winged vengeance falls,
and tempts the sevenfold thunders of the walls.
Mistaken man! the nymph of peace disdains
the roar of cannons, and the smoke of plains:
with milder incense let thy altars blaze,
and in a softer note attempt her praise.
What various herds attend the virgin's gate,
abject in wealth, and impotent in state!
A crowd of offerings on the altar lie,
and idly strive to tempt her from the sky:
but here the rich magnificence of kings
are specious trifles all, and all unheeded things.
No outward show celestial bosoms warms,
the gaudy purple boasts inglorious charms;
the gold here, conscious of it's abject birth,
only presumes to be superior earth.
In vain the gem it's sparkling tribute pays,
and meanly tremulates in borrow'd rays.
On these the nymph with scornful smiles looks down,
nor e'er elects the favourite of a crown.
Supremely great, she views us from afar,
nor deigns to own a sultan or a czar.
Did real happiness attend on state,
how would I pant and labour to be great!
to court I 'd hasten with impetuous speed;
but to be great 's to be a wretch indeed.
I speak of sacred truths; believe me, Hugh,
the real wants of nature are but few.
Poor are the charms of gold—a generous heart
would blush to own a bliss, that these impart.
'T is he alone the muse dares happy call,
who with superior thought enjoys his little all.
Within his breast no frantic passions roll,

soft are the motions of the virtuous soul,
the night in silken slumbers glides away,
and a sweet calm leads in the smiling day.
What antic notions form the human mind!
perversely mad, and obstinately blind.
Life in it's large extent is scarce a span,
yet, wondrous frenzy! great designs we plan,
and shoot our thoughts beyond the date of man.
Man, that vain creature, 's but a wretched elf,
and lives at constant enmity with self;
swears to a southern climate he 'll repair,
but who can change the mind by changing air?
Italia's plains may purify the blood,
and with a nobler purple paint the flood;
but can soft zephyrs aid th' ill-shapen thigh,
or form to beauty the distorted eye?
Can they with life inform the thoughtless clay!
then a kind gale might waft my cares away.
Where roves the muse?—'t is all a dream, my friend,
all a wild thought—for Care, that ghastly fiend,
that mighty prince of the infernal powers,
haunts the still watches of the midnight hours.
In vain the man the night's protection sought,
Care stings like pois'nous asps to fury wrought,
and wakes the mind to all the pains of thought.
Not the wing'd ship, that sweeps the level main,
not the young roe that bounds along the plain,
are swift as Care—that monster leaves behind
the aerial courser and the fleeter wind;
through every clime performs a constant part,
and sheathes it's painful daggers in the heart.
Ah! why should man an idle game pursue,
to future May-bes stretch the distant view?
may more exalted thoughts our hours employ,

and wisely strive to taste the present joy!
Life's an inconstant sea—the prudent ply
with every oar to improve th' auspicious sky:
but if black clouds the angry heav'ns deform,
a cheerful mind will sweeten every storm,
though fools expect their joys to flow sincere,
yet none can boast eternal sunshine here.

The youthful chief, that like a summer flower
shines a whole life in one precarious hour,
impatient of restraint demands the fight,
while painted triumphs swim before his sight.
Forbear, brave youth, thy bold designs give o'er,
ere the next morn shall dawn, thou'lt be no more;
invidious death shall blast thy opening bloom,
scarce blown, thou fad'st, scarce born, thou meet'st
a tomb.

What though, my friend, the young are swept away,
untimely cropt in the proud blaze of day;
yet when life's spring on purple wings is flown,
and the brisk flood a noisome puddle grown;
when the dark eye shall roll it's orb for light,
and the roll'd orb confess impervious night;
when once untun'd the ear's contorted cell,
the silver cords unbrace the sounding shell;
thy sick'ning soul no more a joy shall find,
music no more shall stay thy lab'ring mind.
The breathing canvas glows in vain for thee,
in vain it blooms a gay eternity.
With thee the statue's boasts of life are o'er,
and Cæsar animates the brass no more.
The flaming ruby, and the rich brocade,
the sprightly ball, the mimic masquerade
now charm in vain—in vain the jovial god
with blushing goblets plies the dormant clod.

Then why thus fond to draw superfluous breath,
when every gasp protracts a painful death?
age is a ghastly scene, cares, doubts and fears,
one dull rough road of sighs, groans, pains and tears.
Let not ambitious views usurp thy soul,
ambition, friend, ambition grasps the pole.
The lustful eye on wealth's bright strand you fix,
and sigh for grandeur and a coach and six;
with golden stars you long to blend your fate,
and with the garter'd lordling slide in state.
An humbler theme my pensive hours employs
(hear ye sweet heavens, and speed the distant joys!
of these possess'd I 'd scorn to court renown,
or bless the happy coxcombs of the town).
To me, ye gods, these only gifts impart,
an easy fortune, and a cheerful heart;
a little muse, and innocently gay,
in sportive song to trifle cares away.
Two wishes gain'd, love forms the last and best,
and heaven's bright master-piece shall crown the rest.

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C. Nicholson, Poughnill.

ARMSTRONG.

Published by George Nicholson, Stourport.

LIFE OF ARMSTRONG.

John Armstrong was born at Castleton, on the banks of the Lidal, in Roxburghshire, Scotland, about the year 1709, where his father and brother were ministers. He has very pleasingly celebrated his native place, and

> "the stream
> on whose Arcadian banks he first drew air,"

in his *Art of Health*, book iii. After the ordinary course of school education, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh; where, being designed for the medical profession, his studies were directed to that purpose. He took his degree in physic, Feb. 4, 1732, with uncommon reputation. The subject of his inaugural thesis was *De Tabe purulenta*. He soon after appeared in London, in the capacities of physician and author, but did not attain to any great extent of practice or eminence of popularity in the former. His first publication was a fugitive pamphlet, containing a humourous attack on empirics, in the manner and spirit of Lucian, entitled *An Essay for Abridging the Study of Physic; to which is added a Dialogue betwixt Hygeia, Mercury, and Pluto, relating to the Practice of Physic, as it is managed by a certain illustrious Society; and an Epistle from Usbeck the Persian to Joshua Ward, esq.* In 1737, he published *A Synopsis of the History and Cure of the Venereal Disease*, 8vo. This was soon followed by *The Economy of Love*, an elegant and ingenious performance; but the glowing descriptions contained in it have incurred the universal cen-

sure of licentiousness, which has excluded it from every popular collection of poetry. Armstrong, however, pruned many of it's luxuriances, in an edition printed in 1768, "revised and corrected by the author." In 1744, he published the didactic poem of *The Art of Preserving Health*, his chef d'œuvre, which laid the foundation of his fame, and will remain a lasting monument of his abilities, both as a poet and physician. In 1746, Dr. Armstrong was appointed one of the Physicians to the Hospital for Lame and Sick Soldiers, behind Buckingham House. His poem *On Benevolence*, in 1751, and another, entitled *Taste, an Epistle to a young Critic*, in 1753, shewed that he continued to court the muses, but with no extraordinary success.

A volume in prose of *Sketches or Essays on various Subjects*, under the name of *Launcelot Temple, esq., in two parts*, appeared in 1758, which had a rapid sale, and was much admired for the humour and knowledge of the world which they contained. Armstrong's intimate acquaintance, the celebrated Mr. Wilkes, is supposed to have contributed to this volume. In 1760, Dr. Armstrong obtained the appointment of physician to the army of Germany, from which place he wrote, the year following, *Day, an Epistle to John Wilkes of Aylesbury, esq.* In this poem he wantonly hazarded the following reflection on Churchill, which drew upon him the serpent-toothed vengeance of that severest of satyrists.

> What news to day?—I ask you not what rogue,
> what paltry imp of fortune 's now in vogue;
> what forward blundering fool was last preferr'd,
> by mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd:
> with what new cheat the gaping town is smit,
> what *crazy scribbler* reigns the present *wit*;

what stuff for winter the Two Booths have mixt,
what bouncing mimic gives a *Roscius* next.

In the "Journey," almost the last lines of poetry which Churchill wrote, after referring those who hinted that he should "run his stock of genius out," to some contemporary writers who had obtained what he thought unmerited celebrity, he thus pointedly concludes with Armstrong.

Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
read musty lectures on *Benevolence*,
or con the pages of his gaping *Day*,
where all his former fame was thrown away;
where all but barren labour was forgot,
and the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot.
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
but not one hour of darkness; when the night
suspends this mortal coil, when memory wakes,
when for our past misdoings conscience takes
a deep revenge; when, by reflection led,
she draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
let every muse hegone; in vain he turns
and tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,
a more than Ætna in his coward breast;
and guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest.
Tho' soft as plumage from young zephyr's wings,
his couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
no good man can deserve, no brave man bear.

In this case, it must be acknowledged, that Armstrong himself afforded the original cause of offence; but the retaliation was unjustifiably severe. Armstrong was incapable of the crime with which he is charged, and a false imputation of ingratitude cannot obscure the character of a humane, benevolent and kindly affectioned man of genius. At this time, party and national animosity ran so high that it was extremely difficult for a native of Scotland to maintain a friendly intercourse with an English oppositionist. A disagreement in politics, or rather

the demon of party suspended therefore, if not dissolved, the friendly intimacy which had subsisted between our author and Mr. Wilkes. After the peace of 1763, Armstrong returned to London and resumed the practice of physic; but his habits and manners opposed an insurmountable barrier against popularity. He inherited not that kind of spirit fitted to elbow his way through a crowd of competitors, nor was his mind grovelling enough, or sufficiently accommodating, to adopt the petty arts of rising in practice. He could not ingratiate himself into the good graces of those he did not esteem. He could not unbend to the frivolities of tea and card-table parties. He could not intrigue with nurses, nor associate with the various knots of pert, insipid, well-bred, impertinent, good-humoured, malicious gossips, which are found so necessary to introduce a young physician into connections. He chose rather to spend his time at home, in the indolent occupations of reading and study, or to pass an attic evening in a select company of men of taste and learning. Armstrong continued occasionally rather to amuse than exert himself in literary productions, serious and humourous; sometimes, in the latter, mistaking oddity for wit, and indulging an unpleasant vein of vulgarity in expression, and misanthropy in sentiment. These latter effusions are scarcely worth particularizing. In 1770, he published a collection of *Miscellanies*, in 2 vols. 8vo. In an advertisement to this collection, he says he "never courted the public. He wrote chiefly for his own amusement; and because he found it an agreeable and innocent way of sometimes passing an idle hour. He has always most heartily despised

the opinion of the mobility, from the lowest to the highest; and if it is true, what he has sometimes been told, that the best judges are on his side, he desires no more in the article of fame and renown as a writer. If the best judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worst too of the next will favour him with their's; when by Heaven's grace he'll be too far beyond the reach of their unmeaning praises to receive any disgust from them."

The forced Marriage, a Tragedy, was written in 1758, and was offered to Garrick, by whom it was rejected. In 1771, he made a journey to France and Italy, accompanied by Mr. Fuseli, the celebrated painter, who warmly attests the benevolence of his character. On this tour he took a last farewell, in Italy, of his friend Smollet, to whom he was much attached. He published a short account of this ramble, under his assumed name of Launcelot Temple. His last production was a pamphlet bearing his own name, entitled, *Medical Essays,* 4to, 1773. Towards the conclusion of this work he accounts, with some acrimony, for the limited practice he attained, from a disqualification of employing the usual means, from a ticklish state of spirits, and from a distempered excess of sensibility. He complains much of the behaviour of some of his brethren, and of pretended literary critics. He died September 7, 1779, in consequence, it is said, of a fall he received in stepping out of a coach. To the surprise of his friends he left upwards of three thousand pounds, saved from a very moderate income, arising principally from his half-pay. Armstrong was a man much beloved and respected by his intimates, a man of learning and genius, of considerable abili-

ties in his profession, of great benevolence and goodness of heart, fond of associating with literary characters; but a morbid sensibility preyed on his temper, and a languid listlessness damped his intellectual efforts. He contributed to Thomson's excellent poem of the "Castle of Indolence," the fine stanzas descriptive of the diseases to which the votaries of indolence finally become martyrs.

The following lines in that poem are said to be descriptive of Armstrong's propensity to absence.

> "There was a man of special grave remark.
> * * * * *
> With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
> (profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
> one shyer still, who quite detested talk;
> oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
> to groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
> there inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
> and on himself his pensive fury wroke:
> he never utter'd word save when first shone
> the glittering star of eve—'Thank Heaven! the day is done.'

Armstrong liv'd also in habits of intimacy with Granger, Sir John Pringle, and other men of wit and learning. His reputation as a poet is almost solely founded on his *Art of Preserving Health*, which is of the highest order of didactic poems. His other pieces scarcely rise above mediocrity. "To describe," says Dr. Wharton, "so difficult a thing gracefully and poetically, as the effects of a distemper on the human body, was reserved for Armstrong. There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem, that are truly admirable; and the subject is raised and adorned by numberless poetical images."

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BOOK I. AIR.

Daughter of Pæon, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia![†] whose indulgent smile sustains
the various race luxuriant Nature pours,
and on th' immortal essences bestows
immortal youth, auspicious, O descend,
thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year!
whether thou wantonest on the western gale
or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
or air, through earth and ocean's deep domain.
When through the blue serenity of heaven
thy power approaches all the wasteful host
of Pain and Sickness, squalid and deformed,
confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
where, deep in Erebus involv'd the fiends
grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
swarm through the shudd'ring air; whatever plagues
or meagre Famine breeds, or with slow wings
rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
the damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
that smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field:
whatever baneful breathes the rotten south,

† Hygeia, the goddess of Health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

whatever ills th'extremes or sudden change
of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce,
they fly thy pure effulgence, they and all
the secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
and all the pale tribes halting in the train
of Vice and heedless Pleasure; or if aught
the comet's glare amid the burning sky,
mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
portend disastrous to the vital world,
thy salutary power averts their rage,
averts the gen'ral bane; and but for thee
nature would sicken, Nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
no rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
no more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O Goddess, heavenly gay!
begin the song, and let it sweetly flow,
and let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws;
"how best the fickle fabric to support
of mortal man; in healthful body how
a healthful mind the longest to maintain."
'T is hard in such a strife of rules to chuse
the best, and those of most extensive use;
harder in clear and animated song
dry philosophic precepts to convey:
yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
through paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander doubtful of my way
had I the lights of that sagacious mind
which taught to check the pestilential fire
and quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou, belov'd by all the graceful arts,
thou, long the fav'rite of the healing pow'rs,

indulge, O Mead! a well design'd Essay,
howe'er imperfect, and permit that I
my little knowledge with my country share,
till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock
and with new graces dignify the theme.

Ye who amid this fev'rish world would wear
a body free of pain, of cares a mind,
fly the rank city, shun it's turbid air,
breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
and volatile corruption, from the dead,
the dying, sickning, and the living world
exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome
with dim mortality. It is not air
that from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
sated with exhalations rank and fell,
the spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
of Nature, when from shape and texture she
relapses into fighting elements;
it is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath
with oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
the solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immured in many a sullen bay
that never felt the freshness of the breeze,
this slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
with sickly rest; and (tho' the lungs abhor
to drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
did not the acid vigour of the mine,
roll'd from so many thund'ring chimnies, tame
the putrid steams that overswarm the sky,
this caustic venom would perhaps corrode
those tender cells that draw the vital air,
in vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd,

or by the drunken venous tubes that yawn
in countless pores oe'r all the pervious skin
imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
and rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
invite, the mountains call you, and the vales,
the woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
that fans the ever undulating sky,
a kindly sky! whose fostering power regales
man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where Nature smiles
benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy seat:
look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
we hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See, where enthron'd in adamantine state,
proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
there chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove
fast by the slowly winding Thames, or where
broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats.
(Richmond! that sees a hundred villas rise
rural or gay). O from the summer's rage,
O wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
umbrageous Ham! But if the busy town
attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
in Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
of Dulwich, yet by barb'rous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
but on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet;
for on a rustic throne of dewy turf,

with baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides, a meagre fiend
begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens.
From such a mixture sprung this fitful pest
with feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
convulsive yawnings, lassitude and pains
that sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
and rack the joints and every torpid limb;
then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
o'erflow, a short relief from former ills:
beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;
the vigour sinks, the habit melts away,
the cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
dies from the face with squalid atrophy
devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad,
and oft the sorc'ress in her sated wrath
resigns them to the furies of her train,
the bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites avoid the mournful plain
where osiers thrive and trees that love the lake,
where many lazy muddy rivers flow;
nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
fix near the marshy margin of the main;
for from the humid soil and wat'ry reign
eternal vapours rise; the spongy air
for ever weeps, or turgid with the weight
of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun
who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh,
or any other injury that grows

from raw spun fibres, idle and unstrung,
skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
in languid eddies loitering into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine,
for air may be too dry. The subtle heav'n,
that winnows into dust the blasted downs,
bare and extended wide without a stream,
too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph
which by the surface from the blood exhales;
the lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
their flexible vibrations, or inflam'd
their tender ever-moving structure thaws:
spoil'd of it's limpid vehicle, the blood
a mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
that slow as Lethe wanders through the veins,
unactive in the services of life,
unfit to lead it's pitchy current through
the secret mazy channels of the brain:
the melancholic fiend (that worst despair
of physic) hence the rust complexion'd man
pursues whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
too stretch'd a tone; and hence in climes adust
so sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
and burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
of Air; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the power of chusing is deny'd
to half mankind, a further task ensues
how best to mitigate these fell extremes,
how breathe unhurt the with'ring element
or hazy atmosphere; tho' custom moulds
to ev'ry clime of soft Promothean clay,
and he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
(so kind is native air) may in the fens

of Essex from inveterate ills revive
at pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heav'n offend,
correct the soil, and dry the sources up
of wat'ry exhalation; wide and deep
conduct your trenches through the quaking bog;
solicitous with all your winding arts
betray th' unwilling lake into the stream,
and weed the forest, and invoke the winds
to break the toils where strangled vapours lie,
or through the thickets send the crackling flames:
mean-time at home with cheerful fires dispel
the humid air, and let your table smoke
with solid roast or baked, or what the herds
of tamer breed supply, or what the wilds
yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase:
gen'rous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
but frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heav'ns.
But neither these nor all Apollo's arts
disarm the dangers of the drooping sky,
unless with exercise and manly toil
you brace your nerves and spur the lagging blood.
The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
avoid. If indolence would wish to live,
go yawn and loiter out the long slow year
in fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
the skin and lungs and bake the thick'ning blood,
deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air,
and wake the fountains from their secret beds,
and into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
Here spread your gardens wide, and let the cool

the moist relaxing vegetable store
prevail in each repast; your food supply'd
by bleeding life be gently wasted down
by soft decoction and a mellowing heat
to liquid balm; or if the solid mass
you chuse, tormented in the boiling wave,
that through the thirsty channels of the blood
a smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy from it's cool recess
it's nectar acid or benign will pour
to drown your thirst, or let the mantling bowl
of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve;
for with the viscous blood the simple stream
will hardly mingle, and fermented cups
oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
his horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
in feasts more genial, and impatient broach
the mellow cask: then too the scourging air
provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
allow: but rarely we such skies blaspheme:
steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
bedew'd, our seasons droop; incumbent still
a pond'rous heav'n o'erwhelms the sinking soul:
lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
had left the dungeon of eternal night,
till black with thunder all the south descends.
Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
our melting clime, except the baleful east
withers the tender spring and sourly checks
the fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene:
good Heav'n! for what unexpiated crimes

this dismal change! The brooding elements
do they, your pow'rful ministers of wrath,
prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
that lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent Nature! O dissolve this gloom!
bind in eternal adamant the winds
that drown or wither, give the genial west
to breathe, and in it's turn the sprightly north,
and may once more the circling seasons rule
the year, nor mix in ev'ry monstrous day!

Mean-time the moist malignity to shun
of burthen'd skies, mark where the dry champaign
swells into cheerful hills, where marjoram
and thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air,
and where the cynorrhodon * with the rose
for fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes:
there bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
ascend, there light thy hospitable fires,
and let them see the winter morn arise,
the summer ev'ning blushing in the west,
while with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
o'erhung defends you from the blust'ring north
and bleak affliction of the peevish east.
O when the growling winds contend, and all
the sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
to sink in warm repose and hear the din
howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
above the luxury of vulgar sleep!
the murm'ring rivulet and the hoarser strain
of waters rushing o'er the slipp'ry rocks
will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common briar.

To please the fancy is no trifling good
where health is study'd; for whatever moves
the mind with calm delight, promotes the just
and nat'ral movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the spotive brook for ever shakes
the trembling air that floats from hill to hill,
from vale to mountain, with incessant change
of purest element, refreshing still
your airy seat and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
high on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes;
his purer mansion nor contagious years
shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
But may no fogs from lake or fenny plain
involve my hill! and wheresoe'er you build,
whether on sunburnt Epsom or the plains
wash'd by the silent Lee, in Chelsea low,
or high Blackheath, with wint'ry winds assail'd,
dry be your house, but airy more than warm;
else ev'ry breath of ruder wind will strike
your tender body through with rapid pains,
fierce coughs will tease you, hoarseness bind your [voice,
or moist gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
in cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms,
and still at azure noontide may your dome
at ev'ry window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here
and theatres open to the south commend,
here where the Morning's misty breath infests
more than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
how pale, the plants in those ill-fated vales

that circled round with the gigantic heap
of mountains never felt, nor ever hope
to feel the genial vigour of the sun!
while on the neighb'ring hill the rose inflames
the verdant spring, in virgin beauty blows
the tender lily languishingly sweet,
o'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
and autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
the fost'ring sun, whose energy divine
dwells not in mortal fire, whose gen'rous heat
glows through the mass of grosser elements,
and kindles into life the pond'rous spheres:
cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
we court thy beams, great majesty of day!
if not the soul the regent of this world,
first-born of heav'n, and only less than God!

BOOK II. DIET.

Enough of air; a desert subject now,
rougher and wilder, rises to my sight;
a barren waste, where not a garland grows
to bind the Muse's brow, not ev'n a proud
stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath
to rouse a noble horror in the soul,
but rugged paths fatigue, and Error leads
through endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewel, etherial fields! the humbler arts
of life, the table and the homely gods
demand my song: Elysian Gales, adieu!
The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
the gen'rous stream that waters ev'ry part,

and motion, vigour, and warm life, conveys
to ev'ry particle that moves or lives,
this vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
refunded, scourg'd for ever round and round,
enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
it's balmy nature; virulent and thin
it grows, and now but that a thousand gates
are open to it's flight, it would destroy
the parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
melt in the mildest moist nectareous tide
that rip'ning Nature rolls, as in the stream
it's crumbling banks; but what the vital force
of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
that very force those plastic particles
rebuild: so mutable the state of man!
for this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
daily with fresh materials to repair
this unavoidable expence of life,
this necessary waste of flesh and blood:
hence the concoctive pow'rs with various art
subdue the cruder aliments to chyle,
the chyle to blood, the foamy purple tide
to liquors, which through finer arteries
to diff'rents parts their winding course pursue,
to try new changes and new forms put on,
or for the public or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
can labour into blood. The hungry meal
alone he fears, or aliments too thin,
by violent pow'rs too easily subdu'd,
too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws
to friendly chyle the most rebellious mass

that salt can harden or the smoke of years;
nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
infirm and delicate, and ye who waste
with pale and bloated sloth the tedious day,
avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
the full repast, and let sagacious age
grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.
Half subtiliz'd to chyle the liquid food
readiest obeys th' assimilating pow'rs,
and soon the tender vegetable mass
relents, and soon the young of those that tread
the stedfast earth or cleave the green abyss
or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
in youth and sanguine vigour let him die,
nor stay till rigid age or heavy ails
absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage and luxuriant ease
indulge the vet'ran ox; but wiser thou
from the bald mountain or the barren downs
expect the flocks by frugal nature fed,
a race of purer blood, with exercise
refin'd and scanty fare; for old or young
the stall'd are never healthy nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
to wholesome food th' abominable growth
of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness;
the languid stomach curses ev'n the pure
delicious fat, and all the race of oil,
for more the oily aliments relax
it's feeble tone, and with the eager lymph
(fond to incorporate with all it meets)

coyly they mix, and shun with slipp'ry wiles
the woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
so gentle late and blandishing, in floods
of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence
what horrors rise were nauseous to relate.
Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes;
chuse sober meals, and rouse to active life
your cumbrous clay, nor on th' enfeebling down
irresolute protract the morning hours:
but let the man whose bones are thinly clad
with cheerful ease and succulent repast
improve his habit if he can; for each
extreme departs from prefect sanity.

I could relate what table this demands
or that complexion, what the various pow'rs
of various foods; but fifty years would roll
and fifty more before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
peculiar thing, nor on the skin display'd,
felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen,
which finds a poison in the food that most
the temp'rature affects. There are whose blood
impetuous rages through the turgid veins
who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
than the moist melon or pale cucumber;
of chilly nature others fly the board
supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal pow'rs
for cooler kinder sustenance implore;
some ev'n the gen'rous nutriment detest
which in the shell the sleeping embryo rears:
some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
of Pales, soft, delicious, and benign,
the balmy quintessence of ev'ry flower,

and ev'ry grateful herb that decks the spring,
the fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life,
the best refection of declining age,
the kind restorative of those who lie
half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe
there is not such a salutary food
as suits with ev'ry stomach: but (except
amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
and boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
you sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all)
taught by experience soon you may discern
what pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
that lull the sicken'd appetite too long,
or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face,
burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning tongue,
or much diminish or too much increase
th' expence which nature's wise economy
without or waste or avarice maintains.
Such cates abjur'd let prowling hunger loose,
and bid the curious palate roam at will;
they scarce can err amid the various stores
that burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste the ruthless king
of beasts, on blood and slaughter only lives;
the tiger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
would at the manger starve; of milder seeds
the gen'rous horse to herbage and to grain
confines his wish, tho' fabling Greece resound
the Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by instinct's never-erring pow'r
each creature knows it's proper aliment;
but man, th' inhabitant of ev'ry clime

with all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within
their cravings are well aim'd. Voluptuous man
is by superior faculties misled,
misled from pleasure ev'n in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
with dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
and mad variety, to spur beyond
it's wiser will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleasure? learn a juster taste,
and know that temp'rance is true luxury:
or is it pride? pursue some nobler aim;
dismiss your parasites who praise for hire,
and earn the fair esteem of honest men,
whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as your's,
the sick, the needy shiver at your gates;
ev'n modest want may bless your hand unseen,
tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm
but that which binds the mercenary vow?
no youth of genius whose neglected bloom
unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade?
no worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
or by a heart too gen'rous and humane
constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
and sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound
a thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth
without one fool or flatt'rer at your board,
without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue
besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
each other violate, and oft we see

what strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane
from combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
to hermit's diet needlessly severe:
but would you long the sweets of health enjoy
or husband pleasure, at one impious meal
exhaust not half the bounties of the year
of ev'ry realm. It matters not mean-while
how much to-morrow differ from to-day
so far indulge: 't is fit besides that man
to change obnoxious, be to change inur'd:
but stay the curious appetite, and taste
with caution fruits you never try'd before:
for want of use the kindest aliment
sometimes offends, while custom tames the rage
of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heav'n has form'd us to the gen'ral taste
of all it's gifts, so custom has improv'd
this bent of nature, that few simple foods
of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
but by excess offend. Beyond the sense
of light refection at the genial board
indulge not often, nor protract the feast
to dull satiety, till soft and slow
a drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach urg'd beyond it's active tone
hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
the softest food; unfinish'd and deprav'd,
the chyle in all it's future wand'ring owns
it's turbid fountain, not by purer streams
so to be clear'd but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
th' unripen'd grape? or what mechanic skill

from the crude ore can spin the ductile gold?
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
of plagues, but more immedicable ills
attend the lean extreme; for physic knows
how to disburden the too tumid veins,
ev'n how to ripen the half-labour'd blood;
but to unlock the elemental tubes
collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
and with balsamic nutriment repair
the dry'd and worn-out habit, were to bid
old age grow green and wear a second spring,
or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls obey, nor often wait
till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain;
for the keen appetite will feast beyond
what nature well can bear, and one extreme
ne'er without danger meets it's own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
the recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs
oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities by the firm-set siege
and famine humbled, may this verse be borne;
and hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
long toss'd and famish'd on the wintry main!
the war shook off, or hospitable shore
attain'd, with temp'rance bear the shock of joy,
nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day;
such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
than war or famine. While the vital fire
burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on,
but prudently foment the wand'ring spark
with what the soonest feeds it's kindred touch:
be frugal ev'n of that; a little give

at first, that kindled, add a little more;
till, by delib'rate nourishing, the flame
reviv'd, with all it's wonted vigour glows.
But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
extremes have each their vice; it much avails
ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
from this to that; so nature learns to bear
whatever chance or headlong appetite
may bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
the cruder clods by sloth or luxury
collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
comes on while yet no blacker omen lowers;
then is a time to shun the tempting board
where it your natal or your nuptial day:
perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
the latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
might cost you labour: but the day return'd
of festal luxury, the wise indulge
most in the tender vegetable breed;
then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
the brazen heav'ns, or angry Sirius sheds
a fev'rish taint through the still gulph of air;
the moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
from the fresh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,
will save your head from harm, tho' round the world
the dreaded Causos * roll his wasteful fires.
Pale humid winter loves the gen'rous board,
the meal more copious, and a warmer fare,
and longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
his quaking heart. The seasons which divide
th' empires of heat and cold, by neither claim'd,
influenc'd by both, a middle regimen

* The burning fever.

impose. Through autumn's languishing domain
descending nature by degrees invites
to glowing luxury; but from the depth
of winter when th' invigorated year
emerges, when Favonius, flush'd with love,
toyful and young, in ev'ry breeze descends
more warm and wanton on his kindling bride.
Then shepherds! then begin to spare your flocks,
and learn with wise humanity to check
the lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
a various offspring to th' indulgent sky,
now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand;
the prone creation yields what once suffic'd
their dainty sov'reign when the world was young,
ere yet the barb'rous thirst of blood had seiz'd
the human breast. Each rolling month matures
the food that suits it most; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
the establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
there lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
relentless earth, their cruel stepmother,
regards not. On the waste of iron fields
untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave;
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
who tends the garden. In this frozen world
such cooling gifts were vain; a fitter meal
is earn'd with ease, for here the fruitful spawn
of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
with gen'rous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread, they know,
these and their willing slave the deer, that crops
the shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone not thus the south

her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains,
or thirsty Lybia, from whose fervid loins
the lion bursts and ev'ry fiend that roams
th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd
adust and dry no sweet repast affords,
nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
so perfect, so delicious as the shoals
of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
brews fev'rish frays, where scarce the tubes sustain
it's tumid fervour and tempestuous course,
kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these:
but here in livid ripeness melts the grape,
here finish'd by invigorating suns
through the green shades the golden orange glows,
spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
a gen'rous pulp, the cocoa swells on high
with milky riches, and in horrid mail
the crisp anana wraps it's poignant sweets,
earth's vaunted progeny; in ruder air
too coy to flourish, ev'n too proud to live,
or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
to vapid life: here with a mother's smile
glad Amalthea pours her copious horn;
here buxom Ceres reigns; the autumnal sea
in boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains:
what suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
or acid fruit bedews their thirsty souls;
the breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
supports in else intolerable air,
while the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
that waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
the torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come ye naïads! to the fountains lead;
now let me wander through your gelid reign;
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
by mortal else untrod. I hear the din
of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs;
with holy rev'rence I approach the rocks
whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
first springs the Nile, here bursts the sounding Po
in angry waves, Euphrates hence devolves
a mighty flood to water half the east,
and there in Gothic solitude reclin'd
the cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! what stupendous shades
inwarp these infant floods! through every nerve
a sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round,
and more gigantic still th' impending trees
stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom!
Are these the confines of some fairy world,
a land of genii? Say beyond these wilds
what unknown nations? if indeed beyond
aught habitable lies; and whither leads,
to what strange regions or of bliss or pain,
that subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
this trembling ground. The task remains to sing
your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health
command), to praise your crystal element,
the chief ingredient in Heaven's various works,
whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine,
the vehicle, the source of nutriment
and life to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! with eager lips
and trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
new life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew,
none warmer sought the sires of human kind:
happy in temp'rate peace, their equal days
felt not th' alternate fits of fev'rish mirth
and sick dejection: still serene and pleas'd
they knew no pains, but what the tender soul
with pleasure yields to and would ne'er forget:
blest with divine immunity from ails
long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
return to visit their degen'rate sons,
how would they scorn the joys of modern time,
with all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
and luxury on sloth begot disease. [dain
Learn temp'rance, friends! and hear without dis-
the choice of water. Thus the Coan sage *
opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school:
what least of foreign principles partakes
is best; the lightest then; what bears the touch
of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
the most insipid; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
pours down, such waters in the sandy vale
for ever boil, alike of winter frosts
and summer's heat secure. The crystal stream
thro' rocks resounding, or for many a mile
o'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome, pure,
and mellow draughts, except when winter thaws,

* Hippocrates.

and half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid
the sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
as fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals,
(with rest corrupt, with vegetation green,
squalid with generation and the birth
of little monsters) till the power of fire
has from profane embraces disengag'd
the violated lymph. The virgin stream
in boiling wastes it's finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
the food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow:
but where the stomach, indolent and cold,
toys with it's duty, animate with wine
th' insipid stream, tho' golden Ceres yields
a more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught,
perhaps more active: wine unmixed, and all
the gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
of fermentation spring, with spirit fraught,
and furious with intoxicating fire,
retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
th' embody'd mass. You see what countless years,
enbalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
the puny wonders of the reptile world,
the tender rudiments of life, the slim
unravellings of minute anatomy,
maintain their texture and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine; the vile excess we blame,
more fruitful than th' accumulated board
of pain and misery; for the subtle draught
faster and surer swells the vital tide.
And with more active poison than the floods
of grosser crudity convey, pervades
the far remote meanders of our frame.

Ah! sly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck
of sober vows! But the Parnassian Maids
another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
the fatal charms, the many woes of wine,
perhaps it's various tribes and various powers.†
Meantime I would not always dread the bowl,
nor ev'ry trespass shun. The fev'rish strife
rous'd by the rare debauch subdues, expels,
the loit'ring crudities that burden life,
and like a torrent, full and rapid, clears
th' obstructed tubes. Besides this restless world
is full of chances, which by habit's power
to learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah! when Ambition, meagre love of gold,
or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
to moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
with Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?
then learn to revel, but by slow degrees;
by slow degrees the lib'ral arts are won,
and Hercules grew strong. But, when you smooth
the brows of care, indulge your festive vein
in cups by well inform'd experience found
the least your bane, and only with your friends:
there are sweet follies, frailties to be seen
by friends alone and men of generous minds.
Oh seldom may the fated hours return
of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
except when life declines, ev'n sober cups.
Weak with'ring age no rigid law forbids
with frugal nectar, smooth and slow, with balm,

† See Book IV.

the sapless habit daily to bedew,
and give the hesitating wheels of life
glibblier to play: but youth has better joys:
and is it wise when youth with pleasure flows
to squander the reliefs of age and pain?
What dext'rous thousands, just within the gaol
of wild debauch, direct their nightly course!
perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
no morning admonitions shock the head;
but ah what woes remain! life rolls apace,
and that incurable disease old age,
in youthful bodies more severely felt,
more sternly active, shakes the blasted prime,
except kind nature by some hasty blow
prevent the ling'ring fates: for know whate'er
beyond it's natural fervour hurries on
the sanguine tide, whether the frequent bowl,
high-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
protracted, spurs to it's last stage tir'd life,
and sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new the ductile fibres feel
the heart's increasing force, and day by day
the growth advances, till the larger tubes
acquiring (from their † elemental veins
condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood:
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse

† In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood vessels are composed of smaller ones, which by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels lose their cavities by degrees and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensile, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

and pressure still the great destroy the small,
still with the ruins of the small grow strong:
life glows meantime amid the grinding force
of vicious fluids and elastic tubes;
it's various functions vig'rously are ply'd
by strong machin'ry, and in solid health
the man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs: there is a point
by nature fix'd whence life must downward tend;
for still the beating tide consolidates
the stubborn vessels more reluctant still
to the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart:
this languishing, these strength'ning, by degrees
to hard unyielding unelastic bone,
through tedious channels the congealing flood
crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
it loiters still, and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain, the death
of nature. Thus (so heaven ordain'd it) life
destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd,
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate,
and Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tow'r, that long had stood
the crush of thunder and the warring winds,
shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er it's base;
and flinty pyramids and walls of brass
descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
and tott'ring empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
and all those worlds that roll around the sun,
the sun himself shall die, and ancient night

again involve the desolate abyss,
till the great Father through the lifeless gloom,
extend his arm to light another world,
and bid new planets roll by other laws:
for through the regions of th' unbounded space,
where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
being in various systems fluctuates still,
between creation and abhorr'd decay;
it ever did, perhaps, and ever will;
new worlds are still emerging from the deep,
the old descending in their turns to rise.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

Through various toils th' advent'rous muse has pas
but half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song,
plain, and of little ornament, and I
but little practis'd in th' Aonian arts:
yet not in vain such labours have we try'd,
if aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye Delicate! I write, for you;
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
and grow still paler by the midnight lamp.
Not to debilitate with tim'rous rules
a hardy frame, nor needlessly to brave
unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,
is all the lesson that in wholesome years
concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
who would with warm effeminacy nurse
the thriving oak, which on the mountain's brow
bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heaven.
Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils

in dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies;
save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Æsculapius giv'n,
he studies none; yet him nor midnight fogs
infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
when rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temp'rate meals,
robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
to ev'ry casualty of vary'd life,
serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
and uninfected breathes the mortal south.
Such the reward of rude and sober life,
of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
is well repaid; if exercise were pain
indeed and temp'rance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons,
and Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way
unhurt through ev'ry toil in ev'ry clime.

Toil and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
the greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
mellow'd, and subtiliz'd, the vapid cold
expell'd and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions! ye who feel the charms
of nature and the year; come, let us stray
where chance or fancy leads our roving walk;
come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
the fleecy heav'ns, inwrap the limbs in balm,
and shed a charming langour o'er the soul;
nor when bright winter sows with prickly frost
the vig'rous ether in unmanly warmth
indulge at home, nor ev'n when Eurus' blasts
this way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.

My lib'ral walks, save when the skies in rain
or fogs relent, no season should confine
or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source
imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
beams o'er the hills; go mount th' exulting steed:
already see the deep-mouth'd beagle catch
the tainted mazes, and on eager sport
intent with emulous impatience try
each doubtful trace: or if a nobler prey
delight you more, go chace the desp'rate deer,
and through it's deepest solitudes awake
the vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
not less delightful, the prolific stream
affords. The crystal rivulet that o'er
a stony channel rolls it's rapid maze,
swarms with the silver fry: such through the bounds
of past'ral Stafford runs the brawling Trent;
such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
the Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream
on whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal, till now, except in doric lays,
tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
unknown in song, tho' not a purer stream
through meads more flow'ry or more romantic groves
rolls toward the western main. Hail sacred flood!
may still thy hospitable swains be blest
in rural innocence, thy mountains still
teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods
for ever flourish, and thy vales look gay
with painted meadows and the golden grain!
Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,

sportive and petulent, and charm'd with toys,
in thy transparent eddies have I lav'd,
oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
with the well-imitated fly to hook
the eager trout, and with the slender line
and yielding rod solicit to the shore
the struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds
and tepid gales obscur'd she ruffled pool,
and from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.
Form'd on the Samian school or those of Ind,
there are who think these pastimes scarce humane:
yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
his life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
or secret want of relish for the game,
you shun the glories of the chace, nor care
to haunt the peopled stream, the garden yields
a soft amusement and humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground,
or tame it's savage genius to the grace
of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
the amiable result of happy chance,
is to create, and gives a godlike joy
which ev'ry year improves. Nor thou disdain
to check the lawless riot of the trees,
to plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he, whom when his years decline,
(his fortune and his fame by worthy means
attain'd and equal to his mod'rate mind,
his life approv'd by all the wise and good,
ev'n envy'd by the vain) the peaceful groves
of Epicurus from this stormy world
receive to rest, of all ungrateful cares
absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd!

happiest of men! if the same soil invites
a chosen few, companions of his youth,
once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends,
with whom in easy commerce to pursue
nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
a fair ambition, void of strife or guile,
or jealousy or pain to be outdone;
who plans th' inchanted garden, who directs
the visto best, and best conducts the stream,
whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend,
whom first the welcome spring salutes, who shews
the earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms
of Flora, who best gives Pomona's juice
to match the sprightly genius of Champaign.
Thrice happy days! in rural bus'ness past!
blest winter nights! when as the genial fire
cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
with soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
and pleasing talk that starts no tim'rous fame,
with witless wantonness to hunt it down,
or through the fairy-land of tale or song
delighted wander, in fictitious fates
engag'd, and all that strikes humanity,
till lost in fable they the stealing hour
of timely rest forget. Sometimes at eve
his neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
his festal roof, while o'er the light repast
and sprightly cups they mix in social joy,
and through the maze of conversation trace
whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
the native zest and flavour of the fruit
where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)
the decent, honest, cheerful, husbandman

should drown his labours in my friendly bowl,
and at my table find himself at home.

Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils,
the tennis some, and some the graceful dance;
others more hardy range the purple heath
or naked stubble, where from field to field
the sounding covies urge their lab'ring flight,
eager amid the rising cloud to pour
the gun's unerring thunder; and there are
whom still the meed* of the green archer charms.
He chuses best whose labour entertains
his vacant fancy most: the toil you hate
fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind,
the most accomplish'd, it's imperfect side,
few bodies are there of that happy mould
but some one part is weaker than the rest;
the legs perhaps or arms refuse their load,
or the chest labours: these assiduously
but gently in their proper arts employ'd
acquire a vigour and springy activity
to which they were not born: but weaker parts
abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils, and as your nerves
grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent ev'n in every mod'rate walk
at first but saunter, and by slow degrees
increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
on bended reins; as yet the skilful youth

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies reward or prize.

repress their foamy pride; but every breath
the race grows warmer, and the tempest swells
till all the fiery mettle has it's way
and the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
you spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
are tir'd and crack'd before their unctuous coats
compress'd can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins
the purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
o'erpow'rs the heart and deluges the lungs
with dang'rous inundation; oft the source
of fatal woes, a cough that foams with blood,
asthma and feller peripneumony*
or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
of soul is well compensated in limbs,
oft from his rage or brainless frolic feels
his vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
know nature, feel the human dignity,
and scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd prolixly ev'n the gentlest toil
is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
is earn'd, and (where your habit is not prone
to thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
The fine and subtile spirits cost too much
to be profus'd, too much the roscid balm:
but when the hard varieties of life
you toil to learn, or try the dusty chase,
or the warm deeds of some important day,
hot from the field indulge not yet your limbs
in wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale

* The inflammation of the lungs.

nor taste the spring. O by the sacred tears
of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
forbear! no other pestilence has driv'n
such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal the sagacious Muse
through nature's cunning labyrinths could trace;
but there are secrets which who knows not now
must ere he reach them climb the heapy Alps
of science, and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
with what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
what signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
he leaves to scan from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave,
whence those impetuous currents in the main
which neither oar nor sail can stem, and why
the rough'ning deep expects the storm as sure
as red Orion mounts the shrouded heav'n.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vy'd
for polish'd luxury and useful arts,
all hot and reeking from the Olympic strife
and warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs;
soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
the cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime
not much invites us to such arts as these.
'T is not for those whom gelid skies embrace
and chilling fogs, whose perspiration feels
such frequent bars from Eurus and the north,
't is not for those to cultivate a skin
too soft, or teach the recremental fume

too fast to crowd through such precarious ways;
for through the small arterial mouths that pierce
in endless millions the close-woven skin
the baser fluids in a constant stream
escape, and viewless melt into the winds:
while this eternal, this most copious waste
of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
maintains it's wonted measure, all the pow'rs
of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
with ease and pleasure move; but this retrain'd
or more or less, so more or less you feel
the functions labour: from this fatal source
what woes descend is never to be sung;
to take their numbers were so count the sands
that ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air,
or waves that when the blust'ring north embroils
the Baltic thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then by soft emollient arts
this grand expence on which your fates depend
to ev'ry caprice of the sky, nor thwart
the genius of your clime; for from the blood
least fickle rise the recremental streams,
and least obnoxious to the styptic air,
which breathe through straiter & more callous pores
the temper'd Scythian hence half-naked treads
his boundless snows nor rues th' enclement heav'n,
and hence our painted ancestors defy'd
the east, nor curs'd like us their fickle sky.

The body moulded by the clime endures
th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost,
except by habits foreign to it's turn
unwise you counteract it's forming pow'r.
Rude at the first the winter shocks you less
by long acquaintance: study then your sky,

form to it's manners your obsequious frame,
and learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n
to fortify their bodies some frequent
the gelid cistern, and where nought forbids
I praise their dauntless heart: a frame so steel'd
dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
that breathe the tertain or fell rheumatism;
the nerves so temper'd never quit their tone;
no chronic langours haunt such hardy breasts:
but all things have their bounds; and he who makes
by daily use the kindest regimen
essential to his health, should never mix
with human kind, nor art nor trade pursue:
he not the safe vicissitudes of life
without some shock endures; ill fitted he
to want the known or bear unusual things.
Besides, the pow'rful remedies of pain
(since pain in spite of all our care will come)
should never with your prosp'rous days of health
grow too familiar; for by frequent use
the strongest med'cines lose their healing pow'r,
and ev'n the surest poisons their's to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
parch'd Mauritania or the sultry west,
or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
untwist their stubborn pores, that full and free
th' evaporation through the soften'd skin
may bear proportion to the swelling blood;
so may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames,
so feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us the man of no complaint demands
the warm ablution, just enough to clear

the sluices of the skin, enough to keep
the body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(as much it does) to health, were greatly worth
your daily pains: 't is this adorns the rich;
the want of this is poverty's worst woe;
with this external virtue age maintains
a decent grace; without it youth and charms
are loathsome: this the venial graces know,
so doubtless do your wives; for marry'd sires
as well as lovers still pretend to taste:
nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
to lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
from foreign themes recall my wand'ring song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
to lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
't is wisely done; for while the thirsty veins,
impatient of lean penury, devour
the treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
to shake the lazy balsam from it's cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast
subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
ye leaner habits! give an hour to toil,
and ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress:
but from the recent meal no labours please
of limbs or mind; for now the cordial pow'rs
claim all the wand'ring spirits to a work
of strong and subtile toil and great event,
a work of time; and you may rue the day
you hurry'd with untimely exercise
a half-concocted chyle into the blood.

The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
much toil demands, the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
no labours are too hard: by those you 'scape
the slow diseases of the torpid year,
endless to name, to one of which alone,
to that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
is pleasure. Oh from such inhuman pains
may all be free who merit not the wheel!
but from the burning Lion when the sun
pours down his sultry wrath, now while the blood
too much already maddens in the veins,
and all the finer fluids through the skin
explore their flight, me near the cool cascade
reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
no needless slight occasion should engage
to pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon:
now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
to shady walks and active rural sports
invite; but while the chilling dews descend
may nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
of humid skies, tho' 't is no vulgar joy
to trace the horrors of the solemn wood
while the soft ev'ning saddens into night,
tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves
melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
expands her sable wings; great nature droops
through all her works: now happy he whose toil
has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
a pleasing lassitude; he not in vain
invokes the gentle deity of dreams:
his pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
in soft repose; on him the balmy dews

of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
in deep oblivion, or on Fancy's wings
visit the paradise of happy Dreams,
and waken cheerful as the lively Morn,
oppress not nature sinking down to rest
with feasts too late, too solid, or too full,
but be the first concoction half-matur'd
ere you to mighty indolence resign
your passive faculties. He from the toils
and troubles of the day to heavier toil
retires whom trembling from the tow'r that rocks
amid the clouds of Calpe's hideous height
the busy demons hurl, or in the main
o'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury, the woes
can counterpoise of that most wretched man
whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
of wild Orestes, whose delirious brain,
stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought,
while pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul,
and mangled Consciousness bemoans itself
for ever torn, and chaos floating, round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers
reveal'd of old and men of deathless fame,
we would not to the superstitious mind
suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear:
't is our's to teach you from the peaceful night
to banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
which others consecrate to mirth and wine,
and sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades

one hour of life. Nor does it naught avail
what season you to drowsy Morpheus give
of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
or whether through the tedious winter gloom
you tempt the midnight or the morning damps;
the body fresh and vig'rous from repose
defies the early fogs, but by the toils
of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath
the grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
creep on, and through the sick'ning functions steal;
as when the chilling east invades the spring
the delicate Narcissus pines away
in hectic langour, and a slow disease
taints all the family of flow'rs, condemn'd
to cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
to fade, should beauty cherish it's own bane?
O shame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille
and midnight cares the bloom of Albion dies.

By toil subdu'd, the warrior and the hind
sleep fast and deep; their active functions soon
with gen'rous streams the subtile tubes supply,
and soon the tonic irritable nerves
feel the fresh impulse and awake the soul.
The sons of indolence with long repose
grow torpid; and with slowest Lethe drunk
feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
blunt ev'ry sense and pow'rless ev'ry limb.
Ye prone to sleep! (whom sleeping most annoys)
on the hard mattress or elastic couch
extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth,
nor grudge the lean projector of dry brain
and springy nerves the blandishments of down,

nor envy while the bury'd Bacchanal
exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.
He without riot in the balmy feast
of life the wants of nature has supply'd
who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands
as custom forms her, and all sudden change
she hates of habit ev'n from bad to good.
If faults in life or new emergencies
from habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage,
slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
slow as the stealing progress of the year.
Observe the circling year, how unperceiv'd
her seasons change! behold by slow degrees
stern winter tam'd into a ruder spring,
the ripen'd spring a milder summer glows,
departing summer sheds Pomona's store,
and aged autumn brews the winter storm.
Slow as they come these changes come not void
of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
the two great periods of th' important year,
are in their first approaches seldom safe:
funereal autumn all the sickly dread,
and the black fates deform the lovely spring.
He well advis'd who taught our wiser sires
early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils
ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade,
and late resign them, tho' the wanton spring
should deck her charms with all her sister's rays:
for while th' effluence of the skin maintains
it's native measure the pleuritic Spring
glides harmless by; and autumn, sick to death
with sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
the omens of the year, what seasons teem
with what diseases, what the humid south
prepares, and what the demon of the east;
but you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues in heat or cold,
or drought or moisture, dwell, they hurt not you,
skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
and taught already how to each extreme
to bend your life. But should the public bane
infect you, or some trespass of your own,
or flaw of nature hint mortality,
soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
along the spine through all your torpid limbs,
when first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
a sickly load, a weary pain the loins,
be Celsus call'd: the fates come rushing on;
the rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure
expect tomorrow's more auspicious sun,
the growing pest, whose infancy was weak
and easy vanquish'd with triumphant sway
o'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care
millions have dy'd of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
what slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy
the hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
we die; of want, of superfluity.
The all-surrounding heav'n, the vital air,
is big with death; and tho' the putrid south
be shut, tho' no convulsive agony
shake from the deep foundations of the world
th' imprison'd plagues, a secret venom oft
corrupts the air, the water, and the land.

What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
how oft has Cairo with a mother's woe
wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
ev'n Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
and felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field,
while for which tyrant England should receive
her legions in incestuous murders mix'd
and daily horrors, till the fates were drunk
with kindred-blood by kindred-hands profus'd,
another plague of more gigantic arm
arose, a monster never known before,
rear'd from Cocytus it's portentous head:
this rapid fury not like other pests
pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day
rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,
and strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part
was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
with rash combustion thence the quiv'ring spark
shot to the heart, and kindled all within,
and soon the surface caught the spreading fires:
through all the yielding pores the melted blood
gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
the torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
the stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
desp'rate of ease, impatient of their pain,
they toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
ran full and clear; they burnt and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
beat strong and frequent: thick and pantingly
the breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.

At last a heavy pain opprest the head;
a wild delirium came: their weeping friends
were strangers now, and this no home of their's.
Harrass'd with toil on toil the sinking pow'rs
lay prostrate and o'erthrown: a pond'rous sleep
wrapt all the senses up. They slept and dy'd.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
o'er all the limbs: the sluices of the skin
withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
the sweats oe'rflow'd, but in a clammy tide,
now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow,
of tinctures various, as the temp'rature
had mix'd the blood, and rank with fetid streams,
as if the pent-up humours by delay
were grown more fell, more putrid and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
with full effusion of perpetual sweats
to drive the venom out and here the fates
were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain;
for who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race
rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd,
some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.
Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd,
of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;
of those who liv'd some felt a second blow,
and whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
the fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms;
rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around
th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some,
abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind.
In vain; where'er they fled the fates pursu'd.

Others with hopes more specious cross'd the main,
to seek protection in far distant skies;
but none they found. It seem'd the gen'ral air
from pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
was then at enmity with English blood;
for but the race of England all were safe
in foreign climes; nor did this Fury taste
the foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where should they fly? the circumambient heav'n
involv'd them still and ev'ry breeze was bane:
where find relief? the salutary art
was mute and startled at the new disease
in fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heav'n with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs;
Heav'n heard them not. Of ev'ry hope depriv'd;
fatigu'd with vain resources, and subdu'd
with woes resistless and enfeebling fear,
passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face
and pale despair. 'T was all the bus'ness then
to tend the sick and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft one bed, they say,
the sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardain gods! on whom the fates depend
of tott'ring Albion, ye eternal fires
that lead through heav'n the wand'ring year! ye pow'rs
that o'er th' encirling elements preside!
may nothing worse than what this age has seen
arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home,
has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd Heav'n
has thinn'd her cities, from those lofty cliffs
that awe proud Gaul to Thule's wintry reign,

while in the West beyond th' Atlantic foam
her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
the death of cowards and of common men,
sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.
But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
and other themes invite my wand'ring song.

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

The choice of Aliment, the choice of Air,
the use of Toil and all external things,
already sung, it now remains to trace
what good what evil from ourselves proceed,
and how the subtile principle within
inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
the passive body. Ye poetic shades,
who know the secrets of the world unseen,
assist my song! for in a doubtful theme
engag'd I wander through mysterious ways.
There is they say (and I believe there is)
a spark within us of th' immortal fire
that animates and moulds the grosser frame,
and when the body sinks escapes to heav'n,
it's native seat, and mixes with the gods:
mean-while this heav'nly particle pervades
the mortal elements, in ev'ry nerve
it thrills with pleasure or grows mad with pain,
and in it's secret conclave, as it feels
the body's woes and joys, this ruling pow'r
wields at it's will the dull material world,
and is the body's health or malady.
By it's own toil the gross corporeal frame
fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.

Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
the solid fabric; for by subtile parts
and viewless atoms secret nature moves
the mighty wheels of this stupendous world:
by subtle fluids pour'd through subtile tubes
the natural vital functions are perform'd:
by these the stubborn aliments are tam'd,
the toiling heart distributes life and strength;
these the still-crumbling frame rebuild, and these
are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 't is not thought, (for still the soul's employ'd)
't is painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
strays o'er the heav'n and earth, but long intent
on microscopic arts it's vigour fails.
Just so the mind with various thought amus'd
nor akes itself nor gives the body pain;
but anxious study, discontent, and care,
love without hope, and hate without revenge,
and fear and jealousy fatigue the soul,
engross the subtile ministers of life,
and spoil the lab'ring functions of their share:
hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears,
the lover's paleness, and the sallow hue
of envy, jealousy, the meagre stare
of sore revenge: the canker'd body hence
betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built pedant, who both night and day
feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
and crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall,
o'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a drospy drown'd,
or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you and arts that please
employ your mind; amuse but not fatigue.

Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage,
and ever may all heavy systems rest!
yet some there are even of elastic parts
whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
through all the rugged roads of barren lore,
and gives to relish what their gen'rous taste
would else refuse; but may nor thirst of fame,
nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
with constant drudgery the lib'ral soul.
Toy with your books; and as the various fits
of humour seize you, from philosophy
to fable shift, from serious Antonine
to Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.
While reading pleases but no longer read,
and read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
and wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves it's strength,
and quick vibrations through the bowels drive
the restless blood, which, in unactive days
would loiter else through unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
what posture suits: to stand and sit by turns,
as nature prompts is best; but o'er your leaves
to lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
and robs the fine machin'ry of it's play.
'T is the great art of life to manage well
the restless mind; for ever on pursuit
of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser pow'rs:
quite unemploy'd, against it's own repose
it turns it's fatal edge, and sharper pangs
than what the body knows embitter life;
chiefly where solitude, sad nurse of care!
to sickly musing gives the pensive mind:
there madness enters; and the dim-ey'd fiend,

sour melancholy, night and day provokes
her own eternal wound: the sun grows pale,
a mournful visionary light o'erspreads
the cheerful face of nature, earth becomes
a dreary desart, and Heav'n frowns above:
then various shapes of curst illusion rise
whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear
forms out of nothing, and with monsters teems
unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
a load of huge imagination heaves,
and all the horrors that the murd'rer feels
with anxious flutt'rings wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms pride in solitary scenes,
or fear, on delicate self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
it finds you miserable or makes you so:
for while yourself you anxiously explore
timorous self-love, with sick'ning fancy's aid,
presents the danger that you dread the most.
and ever galls you in your tender part:
hence some for love and some for jealousy,
for grim religion some, and some for pride,
have lost their reason; some for fear of want
want all their lives; and others ev'ry day
for fear of dying suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
those fatal guests, and first the demon fear
that trembles at impossible events,
lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
and Heav'n's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?
and what avails it that indulgent Heav'n
from mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come

if we ingenious to torment ourselves
grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
enjoy the present, nor with needless cares
of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb
appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
for what may come, and leave the rest to heav'n.
Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd
these evils sprung, the most important health,
that of the mind, destroy; and when the mind
they first invade, the conscious body soon
in sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
they rise, and yet without the body's fault
infest the soul, admit one only cure,
diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise;
in vain your friends would reason down your pain.
O ye whose souls relentless love has tam'd
to soft distress or friends untimely fall'n!
court not the luxury of tender thought,
nor deem it impious to forget those pains
that hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
nor to the riv'let's lonely moanings tune
your sad complaint: go seek the cheerful haunts
of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the wish
of nobler minds, and push them night and day;
or join the caravan in quest of scenes
new to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines;
or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
where war grows hot, and raging through the sky

the lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul,
and in the hardy camp and toilsome march
forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most, too passive, when the blood runs low,
to weakly indolent to strive with pain,
and bravely by resisting conquer fate,
try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the pow'rful charm the gloom dissolves
in empty air, Elysium opens round,
a pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
and sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care,
and what was difficult and what was dire
yields to your prowess and superior stars:
the happiest you of all that ere were mad,
or are or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heav'n is gone; a heavier gloom
shuts o'er your head, and as the thund'ring stream
swoln o'er it's banks with sudden mountain rain
sinks from it's tumult to a silent brook,
so, when the frantic raptures in your breast
subside, you languish into mortal man;
you sleep, and waking find yourself undone:
for, prodigal of life, in one rash night
you lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
with tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
may be endur'd, so may the throbbing head;
but such a dim delirium, such a dream,
involves you, such a dastardly despair
unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
when baited round Cithæron's cruel sides
he saw two suns and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish Port, you curse the wretch,

the felon, with unnat'ral mixture first
who dar'd to violate the virgin wine,
or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
a thousand curses, for to heav'n it rapt
your soul to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue ev'n that divinest gift,
the gay, serene, good natur'd Burgundy,
or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine,
and wish that Heav'n from mortals had withheld
the grape and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides it wounds you sore to recollect
what follies in your loose unguarded hour
escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend;
or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
performs a deed to haunt you to the grave:
add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd
they hardly know you; or if one remains
to wish you well, he wishes you in Heav'n.
Despis'd, unwept, you fall, who might have left
a sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name,
a name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
all sense and mem'ry of your former worth.

How to live happiest, how avoid the pains,
the disappointments, and disgusts, of those
who would in pleasure all their hours employ,
the precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
his manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
he still remember'd that he once was young;
his easy presence check'd no decent joy.

Him ev'n the dissolute admir'd, for he
a graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
and laughing, could instruct. Much had he read,
much more had seen: he study'd from the life,
and in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
he pity'd man, and much he pity'd those
whom falsely smiling fate has curs'd with means
to dissipate their days in quest of joy.
'Our aim is happiness; 't is your's, 'tis mine,'
he said; ' 't is the pursuit of all that live;
yet few attain it, if 't was e'er attain'd:
but they the widest wander from the mark
who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
seek this coy goddess, that from stage to stage
invites us still, but shifts as we pursue:
for not to name the pains that pleasure brings
to counterpoise itself, relentless fate
forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
should ever roam; and were the fates more kind
our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale:
were these exhaustless nature would grow sick,
and cloy'd with pleasure squemishly complain
that all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself
and for your friend; be busy e'en in vain
rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts no banquet e'er enjoys;
who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest; and when the taste of joy
grows keen, indulge, but shun satiety.

'T is not for mortals always to be blest,
but him the least the dull or painful hours
of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts

and virtue through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;
virtue and sense are one: and trust me, still
a faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good nature is a fool)
is sense and spirit with humanity:
't is sometimes angry, and it's frown confounds;
't is ev'n vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
but at his heart the most undaunted son
of fortune dreads it's name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
this is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days,
the peace and shelter of adversity:
and if you pant for glory, build your fame
on this foundation, which the secret shock
defies of envy and all sapping time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
the vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
the praise that's worth ambition is attain'd
by sense alone and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
is the best gift of Heav'n, a happiness
that ev'n above the smiles and frowns of fate
exalts great nature's fav'rites, a wealth
that ne'er incumbers nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd,
or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool:
but for one end, one much-neglected use,
are riches worth your care: (for nature's wants
are few, and without opulence supply'd)
this noble end is to produce the soul,
to shew the virtues in their fairest light,

to make humanity the minister
of bounteous providence, and teach the breast
that gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy.'
Thus in his graver vein the friendly sage
sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard,
and (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway
he knew, as far as reason can control
the lawless pow'rs. But other cares are mine;
form'd in the school of Pæon I relate
what passions hurt the body, what improve;
avoid them or invite them as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
supports the mind supports the body too:
hence the most vital movement mortals feel
is hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul:
it pleases and it lasts. Indulgent Heav'n
sent down the kind delusion through the paths
of rugged life to lead us patient on,
and make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good and what we least can spare
is hope; the last of all our evils, fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast
and yet no friends to life; perhaps they please
or to excess, and dissipate the soul,
or while they please torment. The stubborn clown,
the ill-tam'd ruffian and pale usurer
(if love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
may safely mellow into love, and grow
refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
or pains or pleases: but, ye finer souls!
form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill

with all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
that beauty gives, with caution and reserve
indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
nor court too much the queen of charming cares;
for while the cherish'd poison in your breast
ferments and maddens, sick with jealousy,
absence, distrust, or ev'n with anxious joy,
the wholesome appetites and pow'rs of life
dissolve in languor: the coy stomach loathes
the genial board; your cheerful days are gone;
the gen'rous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled:
to sighs devoted and to tender pains
pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
and waste your youth in musing; musing first
toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart;
it found a liking there, a sportful fire,
and that fomented into serious love,
which musing daily strengthens and improves
through all the heights of fondness and romance;
and you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
if once you doubt whether you love or no:
the body wastes away, th' infected mind,
dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heav'n! from such intoxicating charms
defend all worthy breasts! not that I deem
love always dang'rous, always to be shunn'd;
love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
in wanton and unmanly tenderness,
adds bloom to health, o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
a gay, humane, a sweet and gen'rous grace,
and brightens all the ornaments of man:
but fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
with jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,

too serious, or too languishingly fond,
unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
And some have dy'd for love and some run mad,
and some with desp'rate hands themselves have slain.
Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
a mad devotion to one dang'rous fair
court all they meet, in hopes to dissipate
the cares of love amongst an hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful; for there are who find
a cure in this, there are who find it not,
'tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
the wound to those who are sincerely sick;
for while from fev'rish and tumultuous joys
the nerves grow languid and the soul subsides,
the tender fancy smarts with ev'ry sting,
and what was love before is madness now.
Is health your care or luxury your aim?
be temp'rate still: when nature bids, obey;
her wild impatient sallies bear no curb:
but when the prurient habit of delight
or loose imagination spurs you on
to deeds above your strength impute it not
to nature; nature all compulsion hates.
Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
urge you to feats you well might sleep without;
to make what should be rapture a fatigue,
a tedious task, nor in the wanton arms
of twining Lais melt your manhood down;
for from the colliquation of soft joys
how chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you was!
languid and melancholy and gaunt and wan,
your veins exhausted and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of it's balm and sprightly zest, the blood
grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves

(to each slight impulse tremblingly awake),
a subtile fiend, that mimics all the plagues,
rapid and restless, springs from part to part:
the blooming honours of your youth are fall'n,
your vigour pines, your vital pow'rs decay,
diseases haunt you, and untimely age
creeps on, unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious Epicure! to waste
the stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!
infatuate all who make delight their trade,
and coy perdition ev'ry hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
consumes, is with his own consent undone:
he chuses to be wretched, to be mad,
and warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a passion whose tempestuous sway
tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
and shakes to ruins proud philosophy:
for pale and trembling Anger rushes in
with falt'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare,
fierce as the tyger, madder than the seas,
desp'rate, and arm'd with more than human strength.
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
envy or ignominy, or tender grief,
slowly descends and ling'ring to the shades;
but he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
at once, and rushes apoplectic down,
or a fierce fever hurries him to hell:
for as the body through unnumber'd strings
reverberates each vibration of the soul,
as is the passion such is still the pain
the body feels, or chronic or acute;

and oft a sudden storm at once o'erpow'rs
the life or gives your reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear
and sudden grief and rage and sudden joy.
There are mean-time to whom the boist'rous fit
is health, and only fills the sails of life;
for where the mind a torpid winter leads,
wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
and each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
a gen'rous sally spurns th' incumbent load,
unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
or are your nerves too irritably strung,
wave all dispute: be cautious if you joke;
keep lent for ever, and forswear the bowl;
for one rash moment sends you to the shades,
or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
and gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague
that ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
and makes the happy wretched in an hour,
o'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
as your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good friend! you may be
distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight; [wrong;
'tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
if honour bids, to morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
avails too little; and it braves the pow'r
of all that ever taught in prose or song
to tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb
and wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm
you reason well, see as you ought to see,
and wonder at the madness of mankind;

seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
the speculations of your wiser hours:
beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
with all that urge or lure us on to fate,
what refuge shall we seek, what arms prepare?
where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
to cope with subtile or impetuous pow'rs,
I would invoke new passions to your aid;
with indignation would extinguish fear,
with fear or gen'rous pity vanquish rage,
and love with pride, and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a pow'r that sways the breast,
bids ev'ry passion revel or be still,
inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves,
can sooth distraction, and almost despair;
that pow'r is music; far beyond the stretch
of those unmeaning warblers on our stage,
those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
who move no passion justly but contempt,
who like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is our's; we bear those monstrous arts,
good Heav'n! we praise them; we with loudest peals
applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,
and with insipid shew of rapture die
of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the muse's laurel justly shares,
a poet he and touch'd with Heav'n's own fire,
who with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds
inflames, exalts and ravishes the soul;
now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
in love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast

or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard whose heav'nly strains of old
appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul;
such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
the man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
and tam'd the savage nations with his song;
and such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre
tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep,
sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable pow'rs of hell,
and half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain,
subdues the rage of poison and the plague;
and hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
one pow'r of Physic, Melody, and Song.

IMITATION OF SPENCER,

written at Mr. Thomson's desire, to be inserted into "The Castle of Indolence."

Full many a fiend did haunt this house of rest,
and made of passive wights an easy prey.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard lay,
heaving his sides; and snored night and day.
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
and his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:
he led, I ween, the softest way to death,
and taught withouten pain or strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsie;
unwealdy man, with belly monstrous round
for ever fed with watery supply;
for still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And here a moping Mystery did sit,
mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye:
she call'd herself the Hypochondriack Fit,
and frantick seem'd to some, to others seem'd a wit.

A lady was she, whimsical and proud,
yet oft thro' fear her pride would crouchen low.
She felt or fancied, in her fluttering mood,
all the diseases that the Spitals know,
and sought all physick that the shops bestow;

and still new leaches and new drugs would try.
'T was hard to hit her humour high or low,
for sometimes she would laugh and sometimes cry
sometimes would waxen wroth; and all she knew no
why.

Fast by her side a listless virgin pin'd,
with aching head and squeamish heart-burnings;
pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
but lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shook his chilling wings;
and here the gout, half tyger, half a snake,
rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred stings;
these and a thousand furies more did shake
those weary realms, and kept ease-loving men awake.

PROGNE'S DREAM:

darkly expressive of some past events that were soon to be revealed to her.

In Imitation of Shakespeare.

——Last night I dreamt,
whateer it may forebode it moves me strangely,
that I was wrapt into the raving deep;
an old and reverend sire conducted me:
he plung'd into the bosom of the main,
and bade me not to fear but follow him.

I followed; with impetuous speed we div'd,
and heard the dashing thunder o'er our heads.
Many a slippery fathom down we sunk,
beneath all plummets' sound, and reach'd the bottom.
When there, I ask'd my venerable guide
if he could tell me where my sister was;
he told me, that she lay not far from thence
within the bosom of a flinty rock,
where Neptune kept her for his paramour
hid from the jealous Amphitrite's sight;
and said, he could conduct me to the place.
I beg'd he would. Through dreadful ways we past,
'twixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either side,
whence here and there a branching coral sprung;
o'er dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of gold
and gems,
into a hideous kind of wilderness,
where stood a stern and prison-looking rock,
daub'd with a mossy verdure all around,
the mockery of paint. As we drew near
out sprung a hydra from a den below,
a speckl'd fury; fearfully it hiss'd,
and roll'd it's sea-green eyes so angrily
as it would kill with looking. My old guide
against it's sharp head hurl'd a rugged stone—
the curling monster rais'd a brazen shriek,
wallow'd, and died in fitful agonies.
We gain'd the cave. Through woven adamant
I look'd, and saw my sister all alone.
Employ'd she seem'd in writing something sad,
so sad she look'd: her cheek was wond'rous wan,
her mournful locks like weary sedges hung.
I call'd—she turning, started when she saw me,
and threw her head aside as if asham'd;

she wept but would not speak—I call'd again;
still she was mute.—Then madly I address't,
with all the lion-sinews of despair,
to break the flinty ribs that held me out;
and with the struggling wak'd.——

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G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

POEMS

by

SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

containing

The Art of Dancing,

AND OTHER PIECES,

with the Author's Life.

J. Chapman sculp.

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Stourport, Worcestershire.

THE LIFE OF JENYNS.

Soame Jenyns was born in London, on the very commencement of the year 1704. He was the only son of Sir Roger Jenyns, who was knighted by King William of Bottishamhall, in Cambridgeshire, descended from the ancient and respectable family of the Jenyns of Churchill, in Somersetshire. His mother was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, bart. of Hayden, Essex; a woman of great beauty, amiable manners, and elegant accomplishments. He received a domestic education, and at seventeen was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he was entered a fellow Commoner of St. John's College, July 2, 1722, under Dr. Edmonson. He resided there near three years, and then, as was customary with gentlemen of fortune, left the University without taking any degree. He early displayed his poetical talents, by writing the *Art of Dancing*, which he published in 1728. Soon after his father's death, he was chosen one of the representatives for the county of Cambridge, and gave his support to Walpole. He represented it again in the parliament of 1747. In that of 1754 he was member of Dunwich, in Suffolk; and in 1761, took his seat for the town of Cambridge, which he continued to represent. When Moore began the "World" in 1753, he lent his assistance, and contributed Nos, 125, 153, 157, 163, and 178. He appeared to understand what was to be gained by a close adherence to the ruling minister, for he was never observed to oppose the stream

of power in any measure. He seldom or ever spoke in parliament, yet he was an active and diligent member. In 1755 he was appointed one of the Lords of Trade and Plantations; a place which he held during every change of administration, until it was abolished in 1780, when he retired from the business of parliament. It may be told to his honour, that, when the destruction of that Board was in agitation in the House of Commons, and while his unblushing associates were labouring to support it's golden sinecures, he was the only one among them who had sufficient virtue to leave the House before the division. Our author was twice married, first to Mary, the only daughter of Colonel Soame, of Dereham in Norfolk, a lady of great fortune, to whom his father was guardian. In this union he unfortunately consulted his inclinations much less than the advantages which he supposed were to be derived from an alliance with wealth. The consequence may be imagined. A separation ensued, which his lady did not long survive. He afterwards married Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry Grey, esq. of Hackney, a cousin of his own, who survived him. He died at his house in Tilney-street, of a fever, after an indisposition of a few days, on December 18, 1787, in the 83d year of his age, leaving no issue. Mr. Jenyns, from early impressions, was a believer in Christianity. Gradually relaxing in his belief, he wandered into obscure paths, and became a professed deist. He however returned to the comforts of rational religion, and on his death-bed he spoke much of his book on Christianity; conducted himself with the firmness of a man prepared to die; of one shrinking not from death, either as an evil or a

punishment, but meeting it as the kind release from what was worse, and the kinder summons to what is better. He was buried in the parish church of Bottisham, and the following entry was made in the registry of burials. "Soame Jenyns, in the 83d year of his age. What his literary character was, the world hath already judged for itself; but it remains for his parish minister to do his duty, by declaring, that while he registers the burial of Soame Jenyns, he regrets the loss of one of the most amiable of men, and one of the truest Christians. To the parish of Bottisham he is an irreparable loss. He was buried in this church December 27, near midnight, by William Lort Mansell, sequestrator: who thus transgresses the common forms of a register, merely because he thinks it to be the most solemn and lasting method of recording to posterity that the finest understanding has been united to the best heart."

The character of Jenyns appears to have been amiable and respectable. His intellectual powers were of a superior order. His life had been very active and diversified. He had read much and seen more. His conversational talents were equal to his abilities as a writer. His thoughts were sprightly, his expressions neat. His person was diminutive, and of a slight make. In his youth he had been fond of dress; but in the latter part of his life, his appearance was rather mean, being generally habited in a Bath beaver surtout, and blue worsted stockings. As an author, he has attained no small degree of reputation, by powers which have had every aid that useful and polite learning could give. With a judgment critically just, he combined an elegant taste, and a rich vein of wit and humour. He is entitled to great praise for

many excellencies of style, and a purity of language simple and aboriginal, the least qualified with foreign impregnation. As a poet Jenyns is rather distinguished for elegance and correctness than for invention or enthusiasm. He wrote with tersity and neatness, seldom with vigour and animation. No one ever sympathized more deeply in the miseries of others, no one ever saw, or more strictly practised the duty imposed on those who form the superior ranks of life, to reconcile the lower classes to their condition, by contributing to make them happy, and thereby causing them to feel as little of that difference as possible. He was kind and affable to all his inferiors, both in expression and behaviour. The poor in his neighbourhood, were literally a part of his family, and had a considerable portion of his care and protection. He constantly acted, when in the country, as magistrate in his own district. The poems of Jenyns, not inserted in this selection, consist of pieces of inferior merit, adapted to particular times and occasions; of rapturous or indecent descriptions of earthly goddesses, and effusions composed of the sighs and dying pains of love. His translation of Browne de Animi Immortalitate, may be found in another part of this "Miscellany." Three editions of his works were printed during his life. The first was published in one small 8vo, 1752; the second in two small volumes 8vo, 1871; and the last was in one large volume 8vo, 1770. His name did not appear to any of these editions; but the titles of the first and last contain an urn filled with flowers, round which a wreath is entwined, charged with the motto of his arms, "Ignavis nunquam." In 1790, his *Works* were collected into 4 volumes 8vo, "including several pieces never before

published," by Charles Nalson Cole, esq., with "Short Sketches of his Life," from which the present account has been principally derived. The first volume contains his *Miscellaneous Poems*. The second, the translation of Browne *De animi Immortalitate; five numbers of the "World;" Short but serious Reasons for a National Militia; Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of the present high Price of Provisions; The Objections to the Taxation of our American Colonies by the Legislature; Reflections on several Subjects; Thoughts on a Parliamentary Reform; A Scheme for the Coalition of Parties; Thoughts on the National Debt.* The third, *A free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil*, in six letters—*On Evil in general, On Evils of Imperfection, On Natural Evils, On Moral Evils, On Political Evils;* and seven *Disquisitions—On the Chain of Universal Being, On Cruelty to inferior Animals, On a Pre-existent State, On the Nature of Fame, On the Analogy between Things Material and Intellectual, On Rational Christianity, On Government and Civil Liberty.* The fourth, *A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, and Short and Cursory Observations on several Passages in the New Testament.* His *Free Enquiry into the Origin of Evil*, excited much attention, and produced several answers, which he noticed in an *Additional Preface* to the second edition. This production was reviewed by Dr. Johnson, in the "Literary Magazine" for 1757, with great acrimony. Jenyns did not notice Johnson's attack, indulging only his resentment in the following epitaph.

> Here lies Sam Johnson:—reader, have a care,
> tread lightly, lest you wake a sleeping bear:
> religious, moral, generous, and humane

he was; but self-sufficient, proud, and vain;
fond of, and overbearing, in dispute,
a Christian and a scholar—but a brute.

His *Thoughts on the high Price of Provisions* is replete with many ingenious observations. He attributes that evil to the increase of our national debt, the poverty of the public, and the wealth of private individuals. In his celebrated work, intitled *A View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*, he is accused of injuring the cause he professed to defend, by diligently relating, and elaborately displaying the strongest objections which have been raised against the Christian religion, while his refutations are cold, careless, and unsatisfactory. Many answers appeared to this work, but two of them only merit notice; namely, "A Series of Letters addressed to Soame Jenyns, &c., by Dr. Macklane;" and "A full Answer to a late View of the internal Evidence of the Christain Religion, &c., by the Rev. Henry Taylor."

THE ART OF DANCING.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Lady Fanny Fielding.*

Incessu patuit Dea. *Virg.*

IN TWO CANTOS.

In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,
to mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
and with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present, all ye sacred Choir,
blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre:
when FIELDING bids, your kind assistance bring,
and at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due)
what first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!

Hail, loveliest art! that canst all hearts ensnare,
and make the fairest still appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
unless she borrows half her arms from you;
few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,
or care to clasp a statue in their arms;
but breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
when art and motion wake the sleeping fire:
a Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,
may for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
but still, tho' form'd with all the powers of art,
the lifeless piece can never warm the heart;
so fair a nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,

* Daughter of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh. She married Daniel Earl of Winchelsea, and died Sep. 27, 1734.

whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
but when her charms are in the dance display'd,
then every heart adores the lovely maid:
this sets her beauty in the fairest light,
and shews each grace in full perfection bright;
then as she turns around, from every part,
like porcupines she sends a piercing dart;
in vain, alas! the fond spectator tries
to shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,
for, Parthian like, she wounds as sure behind
with flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,
or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,
whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,
at every step new beauties we explore,
and worship now, what we admir'd before:
so when Æneas in the Tyrian grove
fair Venus met, the charming queen of love,
the beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
but when she mov'd at once her heavenly mien
and graceful step confess bright beauty's queen,
new glories o'er her form each moment rise,
and all the goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
what dresses best become the dancer, say,
the rules of dress forget not to impart,
a lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet, glowing from afar,
shews that his bloody occupation's war;
whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
as plainly speaks divinity within;
the milk-maid safe through driving rains and snows,

wrapt in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
while the soft belle immur'd in velvet chair,
needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:
the woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
but load the dancer with too great a weight,
and call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;
rather let him his active limbs display
in camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy,
let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
but airy, light, and easy be this dress;
thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,
so shall he nimbly bound and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
precepts which use will better teach than song;
for why should I the gallant spark command,
with clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
or in his fob enlivening spirits wear,
and pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
or hint the sword that dangles at his side,
should from it's silken bondage be unty'd?
Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
let snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:
so shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
and shining silks with greasy powder soil'd?
Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,
the pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,
and oft th' aproaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful Fair, I sing to you,
with pleasing smiles my useful labours view;
for you the silk-worms' fine-wrought webs display,
and labouring spin their little lives away;
for you bright gems with radiant colours glow,

fair as the dyes that paint the heavenly bow;
for you the sea resigns it's pearly store,
and earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
in vain yet Nature thus her gifts bestows,
unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glittering ball,
one form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
one brightest shines when wealth and art comebine
to make the finish'd piece completely fine;
when least adorn'd, another, steals our hearts,
and rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
in some are such resistless graces found,
that in all dresses they are sure to wound;
their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
and gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheeks are seen
a constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
in such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
so in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
the lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
with brighter yellow should o'ercome her own,
while maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
the sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear;
so the pale moon still shines with purest light.
cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night,

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
that wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
nor suffers charms that Nature's hand denies:
tho' for a while we may with wonder view
the rosy blush and skin of lovely hue,
yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
and melt the waxen lips and neck of snow;
so shine the fields in icy fetters bound,

whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;
through the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
with scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;
o'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
and a new bright creation charms our eyes;
till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
the splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
the fields resign the beauties not their own,
and all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size:
of ills I speak by long experience found,
oft have I trod th' immeasurable round, [wound.
and mourn'd my shins, bruis'd black with many a
Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,
in whalebone bondage gall the slender waist;
nor waving lappets should the dancing Fair,
nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
on the approaching button rough with gold
nor force nor art can then the bonds divide,
when once th' entangl'd Gordian knot is try'd.
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's power,
together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
the more they strive their freedom to regain,
the faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
ever be sure to tie her garter fast,
lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
a wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,
who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew,
and with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet (as fortune by the self-same ways
she humbles many, some delights to raise),

it happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
by such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
And hence the radiant star and garter blue
Britannia's nobles grace, if fame says true:
hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,
tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,
still thy lost garter is thy sovereign's care,
and what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
lay, not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
a toy at once display'd for use and pride,
a wond'rous engine, that by magic charms
cools your own breasts, and every other warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
the powers that in this little weapon dwell?
what verse can e'er explain it's various parts,
it's num'rous uses, motions, charms, and arts?
it's painted folds that oft extended wide,
th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
when secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
if Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill:
it's sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
and pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
when the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
it's shake triumphant, it's victorious clap,
it's angry flutter, and it's wanton tap?

Forbear, my muse, th' extensive theme to sing,
nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;
rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
from whence this engine took it's form and name,
say from what cause it first deriv'd it's birth,
how form'd in heaven, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
there liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,
a lovely nymph, adorn'd with every grace,
an easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;
Fanny, the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
to charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string;
for her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
whilst Fanny's name resounds through ev'ry grove,
and spreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of love;
as Fielding's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'T was when the summer sun now mounted high,
with fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
to shun the heat this lovely nymph was laid;
the sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
a blush that added to their native red,
and her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,
was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:
Æolus, the mighty god whom winds obey,
observ'd the beauteous maid as thus she lay;
o'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
and suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight;
he sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
but still he sighs, and still he woes in vain;
the cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;
but still complains, that he who rul'd the air
would not command one zephyr to repair
around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
through the dark glade, to cool the sultry day:
by love incited, and the hopes of joy,

th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
with gales incessant to relieve her flame,
and call'd it Fan, from lovely Fanny's name.

CANTO II.

Now see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
the lovely nymphs and well-dress'd youths advance;
the spacious room receives it's jovial guest,
and the floor shakes with pleasing weight opprest:
thick rang'd on every side, with various dyes
the fair in glossy silks our sight surprise;
so in a garden bath'd with genial showers,
a thousand sorts of variegated flowers,
jonquils, carnations, pinks and tulips rise,
and in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,
reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
with breathing zephyrs move the circling air:
the sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;
fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place
it first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
with humble bow and ready hand prepare
forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
the fair shall not his kind request deny,
but to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance:
first hear the muse, ere you attempt to dance:
by art directed o'er the foaming tide,
secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;

by art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
springs at the whip, and hears the strait'ning rein;
to art our bodies must obedient prove,
if e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,
hence lost in error, and uncertainty;
no precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
but ev'ry master taught a different way:
hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
the lovely product ev'n in blooming died:
through various hands in wild confusion tost;
it's steps were alter'd, and it's beauties lost;
till Fuillet,* the pride of Gallia rose,
and did the dance in characters compose;
each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
and every step in lasting volumes wrote;
hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
and ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
by distant masters shall each step be seen,
tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
hence, with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
an equal right to universal fame;
and Isaac's Rigadoon shall live as long
as Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.

Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
dispenses various gifts to every land;
to ev'ry nation frugally imparts
a genius fit for some peculiar arts;
to trade the Dutch incline, the Swiss to arms,
music and verse are soft Italia's charms;
Britannia justly glories to have found

* Fuillet wrote the "Art of Dancing by Characters," in French, since translated by Weaver.

lands unexplor'd and sail'd the globe around;
but none will sure presume to rival France,
whether she forms or executes the dance:
to her exalted genius 't is we owe
the sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre slow,
the Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
th' immortal Minuet, and smooth Bretagne,
with all those dances of illustrious fame,
which from their native country take their name;*
with these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
nor Country-dance intrude till these are done.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
first gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;
and if he finds that with uncommon fire
the Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
at once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
and sings alone of heroes and of gods;
but if he trembling fears a flight so high,
he then descends to softer elegy;
and if in elegy he cann't succeed,
in pastoral he still may tune the oaten reed:
so should the dancer ere he tries to move,
with care his strength, his weight, and genius prove;
then if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart
endowments proper for the dancing art,
if in himself he feels together join'd,
an active body and ambitious mind,
in nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance:
if these he fears to reach with easy pace
let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
and to the Country-dance confine his care.

* French Dances.

Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
to keep true time be your first thoughts employ'd;
all other errors they in vain shall mend,
who in this one important point offend;
for this, when now united hand in hand,
eager to start the youthful couple stand,
let them a while their nimble feet restrain,
and with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:
so for the race prepar'd two coursers stand,
and with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,
where nature once has fix'd a clumsy air;
rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:
nor yet, while I the rural squire despise
a mien effeminate would I advise:
with equal scorn I would the fop deride,
nor let him dance,—but on the woman's side.

And you, fair Nymphs, avoid with equal care
a stupid dulness and a coquet air;
neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,
nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride,
stare all around and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
by nature only to advantage drest:
't is not a nimble bound, or caper high,
that can pretend to please a curious eye;
good judges no such tumbler's tricks regard,
or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'T is not enough that ev'ry stander-by
no glaring errors in your steps can spy,
the dance and music must so nicely meet,
each note should seem an ec'ho to your feet;

a nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,
not to be taught, but ever to be seen
in Flavia's air, and Chloe's easy mien;
't is such an air that makes her thousands fall,
when Fielding dances at a birth-night ball;
smooth as Camilla, she skims o'er the plain,
and flies like her through crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet, oft repeated o'er,
(like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
and ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
her charms declines the circulating hand;
then let the jovial Country-Dance begin,
and the loud fiddles call each straggler in:
but ere they come, permit me to disclose,
how first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)
when Albion's crown illustrious Arthur wore,
in some fair op'ning glade, each summer's night,
where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
on the soft carpet of a grassy field,
the sporting fairies their assemblies held:
some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
in circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
and music warble through the groves around;
oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,
and home returning, o'er their nut-brown ale
their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Instructed hence throughout the British isle,
and fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
round where the trembling May-pole, fix'd on high,
uplifts it's flowery honours to the sky,

the ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort,
and practise ev'ry night the lovely sport;
on ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
whose active elbows swelling winds command,
the swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
and blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught, at first the Country-Dance began,
and hence to cities and to courts it ran;
succeeding ages did in time impart
various improvements to the lovely art;
from fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:
hence the loud fiddle and shrill trumpet's sounds
are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join,
to make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the tragic muse appear'd,
her voice alone by rustic rabble heard;
where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
the pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade;
the homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
and in a cart the strolling actors rode;
till time at length improv'd the great design,
and bade the scenes with painted landscapes shine:
then art did all the bright machines dispose,
and theatres of Parian marble rose;
then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,
and gods descended from their towers on high.

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
to choose a partner from the mingled fair;
vain would be here th' instructing muse's voice,
if she pretended to direct his choice:
beauty alone by fancy is exprest,
and charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast:

a snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires;
small waists and slender limbs some hearts ensnare,
whilst others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgment sway,
your reason rather than your eyes obey;
and in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
rather for merit, than for beauty choose:
be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
when she should move, and when she should be still,
who uninstructed can perform her share,
and kindly half the pleasing burden bear.
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
who fetter'd in the matrimonial state
with a poor simple inexperienc'd wife,
is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life:
and such is his, with such a partner join'd,
a moving puppet, but without a mind:
still must his hand be pointing out the way,
yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray:
beneath her follies he must ever groan,
and ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold, united hand in hand,
rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand!
each youthful bosom beating with delight,
waits the brisk signal for the pleasing sight;
while lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
and snowy bubbies pull'd above the stays,
quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare
the fond impatience of the starting fair.
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun!
now here, now there, the giddy maze they run;
now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring:

so in a wheel, with rapid fury tost,
the undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.
The dancer here no more requires a guide,
to no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd;
the muse's precepts here would useless be,
where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
let him but to the music's voice attend,
by this instructed, he can ne'er offend:
if to his share it falls the dance to lead,
in well-known paths he may be sure to tread;
if others lead, let him their motions view,
and in their steps the winding maze pursue.
In ev'ry Country-Dance a serious mind,
turn'd for reflection, can a moral find.
In hunt-the-squirrel thus the nymph we view,
seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue:
thus in round-dances where our partners change,
and unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
as soon as one from his own consort flies,
another seizes on the lovely prize;
a while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
till the next comer steals her from his arms;
new ones succeed, the last is still her care;
how true an emblem of th' inconstant fair!
Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
who read the curious volumes of the skies,
a model more exact than dancing name
of the creation's universal frame?
where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ethereal way
in a bright regular confusion stray;
now here, now there they whirl along the sky,
now near approach, and now far distant fly;
now meet in the same order they begun,
and then the great celestial dance is done.

Where can the mor'list find a juster plan
of the vain labours, and the life of man?
a while through justling crowds we toil and sweat,
and eagerly pursue we know not what,
then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run
quite tir'd, sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
let not her charms so much engage your heart,
that you neglect the skilful dancer's part;
be not, when you the tuneful notes shall hear
still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
when you should be employ'd, be not at play,
nor for your joys all others steps delay;
but when the finish'd dance you once have done,
and with applause through ev'ry couple run,
there rest a while; there snatch the fleeting bliss,
the tender whisper, and the balmy kiss;
each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
and her moist palm with eager fingers press;
with smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
when music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue
till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
then, when approaching day it's beams displays,
and the dull candles shine with fainter rays,
then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
and each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
with ready hand obsequious youth prepare
safe to her coach to lead each chosen Fair,
and guard her from the morn's inclement air:
let a warm hood enwarp her lovely head,
and o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,
around her shoulders let this arm be cast,

whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;
with kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
unchill'd by nightly damps or wint'ry snow;
while gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
to chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer,
ah, thoughtless Fair! the tempting draught refuse,
when thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd muse:
let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
nor hazard future pains for present joy;
destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
a fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus through each precept of the dancing art
the muse has play'd the kind instructor's part;
through ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,
and pointed out the surest paths to tread:
no more remains; no more the goddess sings,
but drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings:
On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
and sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye;
delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
and ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work completely finish'd lies,
which the devouring teeth of time defies:
whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
or damsels fret with aged partners join'd:
as long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
a fiddle rather than a sermon hear,
so long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
these useful lines of my instructive muse;
each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
and each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

AN EPISTLE,

written in the country, to the Right Hon. the Lord Lovelace * in town, September, 1735.

In days, my Lord, when mother Time,
(tho' now grown old) was in her prime,
when Saturn first began to rule,
and Jove was hardly come from school,
how happy was a country life!
how free from wickedness and strife!
then each man liv'd upon his farm,
and thought and did no mortal harm;
on mossy banks fair virgins slept,
as harmless as the flocks they kept:
then love was all they had to do,
and nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,
't is sure the case is alter'd quite,
virtue no more in rural plains,
or innocence, or peace remains;
but vice is in the cottage found,
and country girls are oft unsound;
fierce party rage each village fires,
with wars of justices and 'squires;
attorneys, for a barley-straw,
whole ages hamper folks in law,

* Nevil Lord Lovelace was one of those with whom the author made a friendship, on his first coming into the world, uninterrupted till his death, which happened at an early period of life.---There appear strong marks of our author's affection for him, in some letters written to his lordship's sister, the late Lady Harry Beauclerc, now in the possession of her descendants. He was a man of letters, a friend to the muses, and highly fashioned according to the breeding of those days. He died the year after this epistle was written, and by his death the title became extinct.

and ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
about their rates, or tythes, or game:
some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
and some for diff'rence in religions:
some hold their parson the best preacher,
the tinker some a better teacher;
these, to the church they fight for strangers,
have faith in nothing but her dangers;
while those, a more believing people,
can swallow all things——but a steeple.

But I, my lord, who, as you know,
care little how these matters go,
and equally detest the strife
and usual joys of country life,
have by good fortune little share
of it's diversions, or it's care;
for seldom I with 'squires unite,
who hunt all day, and drink all night;
nor reckon wonderful inviting,
a quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting.
But then no farm I occupy,
with sheep to rot, and cows to die:
nor rage I much, or much despair,
tho' in my hedge I find a snare;
nor view I, with due admiration,
all the high honours here in fashion;
the great commissions of the quorum,
terrors to all who come before 'em;
militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
or the white staff high sheriffs hold;
the representative's caressing,
the judge's bow, the bishop's blessing;
nor can I, for my soul, delight
in the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,

who, if you send three days before,
in white gloves meets you at the door,
with superfluity of breeding
first makes you sick, and then with feeding:
or if, with ceremony cloy'd,
you would next time such plagues avoid,
and visit without previous notice,
'John, John, a coach!—I cann't think who 'tis,'
my lady cries, who spies your coach,
ere you the avenue approach;
'Lord, how unlucky!—washing day!
and all the men are in the hay!'
Entrance to gain is something hard,
the dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd,
the yard 's with lines of linen cross'd,
the hall door's lock'd, the key is lost;
these difficulties all o'ercome,
we reach at length the drawing-room;
then there's such trampling over-head,
Madam, you 'd swear, was brought to bed;
Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
to get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
the servants run, the pewter clatters,
my lady dresses, calls, and chatters,
the cook-maid raves for want of butter,
pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
Now, after three hours' tedious waiting,
on all our neighbours' faults debating,
and having nine times view'd the garden,
in which there's nothing worth a farthing,
in comes my lady, and the pudden:
'You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden'—
then, that we may have four and four,
the bacon, fowls, and collyflower

their ancient unity divide,
the top one graces, one each side;
and by and by, the second course
comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;
a salver then to church and king,
the butler sweats, the glasses ring;
the cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
bawdy and politics abound;
and as the knight more tipsy waxes,
we damn all ministers and taxes.
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
the coachman tolerably drunk,
whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
enough to dislocate one's bones,
we home return, a wond'rous token
of Heav'n's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye gods, tho' sinners,
with many days like this, or dinners!

But if civilities thus teaze me,
nor business, nor diversions please me:
you'll ask, my lord, how time I spend?
I answer, with a book or friend:
the circulating hours dividing
't wixt reading, walking, eating, riding;
but books are still my highest joy,
these earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
by guides experienc'd taught the way;
the wonders of each region view,
from frozen Lapland to Peru;
bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
yet ne'er forsake my elbow-chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
recalls past ages back agen,

where all I see, through ev'ry page,
is but how men with senseless rage,
each other rob, destroy, and burn,
to serve a priest's, or statesman's turn;
tho' loaded with a different aim,
yet always asses much the same.
Sometimes I view, with much delight,
divines their holy game-cocks fight;
here faith and works at variance set,
strive hard who shall the vict'ry get;
presbytery and episcopacy
they fight so long it would amaze ye:
here free-will holds a fierce dispute
with reprobation absolute;
there sense kicks transubstantiation,
and reason pecks at revelation.
With learned Newton now I fly
o'er all the rolling orbs on high,
visit new worlds, and, for a minute,
this old one scorn, and all that's in it:
and now with lab'ring Boyle I trace
nature through ev'ry winding maze,
the latent qualities admire
of vapours, water, air and fire:
with pleasing admiration see
matter's surprising subtilty;
as how the smallest lamp displays,
for miles around, its scatter'd rays;
or how (the case still more t' explain)
a fart that weighs not half a grain,*
the atmosphere will oft perfume
of a whole spacious drawing-room.

* See Boyle's Experiments.

Sometimes I pass a whole long day
in happy indolence away,
in fondly meditating o'er
past pleasures and in hoping more:
or wander through the fields and woods,
and gardens bath'd in circling floods;
there blooming flowers with rapture view,
and sparkling gems of morning dew,
whence in my mind ideas rise
of Cælia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.

'T is thus, my lord, I free from strife
spend an inglorious country life;
these are the joys I still pursue,
when absent from the town and you;
thus pass long summer suns away,
busily idle, calmly gay:
not great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
not having much, nor wishing more;
except that you, when weary grown
of all the follies of the town,
and seeing, in all public places,
the same vain fops and painted faces,
would sometimes kindly condescend
to visit a dull country friend:
here you'll be ever sure to meet
a hearty welcome tho' no treat;
one who has nothing else to do
but to divert himself and you:
a house where quiet guards the door,
no rural wits smoke, drink, and roar,
choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

AN ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

To the Hon. Philip Yorke, Esq.

Atque ipsa utilitas justi prope mater et æqui. *Hor.*

Thou, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can spoil
with the least vice of each luxuriant soil,
say York (for sure, if any, you can tell),
what virtue is, who practise it so well;
say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen?
by what sure mark her essence can we trace,
when each religion, faction, age, and place,
sets up some fancy'd idol of it's own;
a vain pretender to her sacred throne?
In man too oft a well-dissembled part,
a self-denying pride in woman's heart,
in synods faith, and in the field of fame
valour usurps her honours and her name.
Whoe'er their sense of Virtue would express,
't is still by something they themselves possess.
Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old age,
warm politicians term it party-rage;
true churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
fools think it gravity, and wits pretence:
to constancy alone fond lovers join it,
and maids unask'd to chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will?
no just criterion fix'd to good and ill?
as well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
then doubt if such a thing exists as light;
for no less plain would nature's law appear,
as the meridian sun, unchang'd and clear.

Would we but search for what we were design'd
and for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind,
a rule of life we then should plainly see,
for to pursue that end must virtue be.

Then what is that? not want of power or fame,
or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
but a desire his blessings to diffuse,
and fear lest millions should existence lose;
his goodness only could his power employ,
and an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence soul and sense, diffus'd through ev'ry place,
make happiness as infinite as space;
thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art,
unnumber'd species live through ev'ry part:
in ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies
myriads of creatures still successive rise;
scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
but little flocks upon it's verdure feed;
no fruit our palate courts, or flower our smell,
but on it's fragrant bosom nations dwell,
all form'd with proper faculties to share
the daily bounties of their Maker's care:
the great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
and his eternal law is only this,
that all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,
each living creature sees it, and obeys;
each, form'd for all, promotes, through private care,
the public good, and justly takes it's share.
All understand their great Creator's will,
strive to be happy, and in that fulfil;

mankind excepted; lord of all beside,
but only slave to folly, vice, and pride;
'*t* is he that 's deaf to this command alone,
delights in others' woe, and courts his own;
racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
for luxury, brutes; and man himself, for fame:
sets Superstition high on Virtue's throne,
then thinks his Maker's temper like his own;
hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,
as if he could attone for crimes by more:
hence whilst offended Heaven he strives in vain
t' appease by fasts, and voluntary pain,
ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How easy is our yoke! how light our load!
did we not strive to mend the laws of God:
for his own sake no duty he can ask,
the common welfare is our only task;
for this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and lust,
with ev'ry act injurious to our own
or others' good, for such are crimes alone;
for this are peace, love, charity, enjoin'd,
with all that can secure and bless mankind.
Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,
and happiness the end of all her laws;
for such by nature is the human frame,
our duty and our int'rest are the same.

But hold, cries out some Puritan divine,
whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,
is this to fast, to mortify, refrain,
and work salvation out with fear and pain?
We own the rigid lessons of their schools,
are widely diff'rent from these easy rules:
virtue with them is only to abstain

from all that nature asks, and covet pain;
pleasure and vice are ever near akin,
and, if we thirst, cold water is a sin:
heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they say,
yet all are damn'd that trip or miss their way;
God is a being cruel and severe,
and man a wretch by his command plac'd here,
in sun-shine for a while to take a turn,
only to dry and make him fit to burn.

Mistaken men, too piously severe!
through craft misleading, or misled by fear;
how little they God's counsels comprehend,
our universal parent, guardian, friend!
who, forming by degrees to bless mankind,
this globe our sportive nursery assign'd,
where for a while his fond paternal care
feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear:
each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,
music our hearing, beauty charms our sight;
trees, herbs, and flowers to us their spoils resign,
it's pearl the rock presents, it's gold the mine;
beasts, fowl, and fish, their daily tribute give
of food and clothes, and die that we may live;
seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
and elements contend to serve our use;
love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
the pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,
all that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
are the gay play-things of this infant state.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
but what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;
or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
he strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,

to guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
in more exalted joys to fix our taste,
and wean us from delights that cannot last.
Our present good the easy task is made,
to earn superior bliss, when this shall fade;
for soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
his hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;
snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear;
waft us to regions of eternal peace,
where bliss and virtue grow with like increase;
from strength to strength our souls for ever guide,
through wond'rous scenes of being yet untry'd,
where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
and new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh! would mankind but make these truths their guide,
and force the helm from prejudice and pride;
were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
virtue our good, and happiness our end,
how soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
and error, fraud, and superstition fail!

None would hereafter then with groundless fear
describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,
predestinating some, without pretence,
to heaven, and some to hell, for no offence;
inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
and fav'ring sects or nations, men or times.
To please him none would foolishly forbear,
or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
or deem it merit to believe, or teach,
what reason contradicts, or cannot reach;
none would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
or malice for whatever tenet's sake,
or think salvation to one sect confin'd,

and heaven too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs by long neglect grown nice,
would in one female frailty sum up vice,
and censure those, who, nearer to the right,
think Virtue is but to dispense delight.

No servile tenets would admittance find,
destructive of the rights of human kind;
of power divine, hereditary right,
and non-resistence to a tyrant's might;
for sure that all should thus for one be curs'd,
is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

No mor'lists then, o'er righteous to excess,
would shew fair Virtue in so black a dress,
that they, like boys, who some feign'd spright array,
first from the spectre fly themselves away;
no preachers in the terrible delight,
but choose to win by reason, not affright;
not conjurors like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
and draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws,
would fatten on obscurities and flaws,
but rather nobly careful of their trust,
strive to wipe off the long-contracted dust
and be like *Hardwick*, guardians of the just.

No more applause would on ambition wait,
and laying waste the world be counted great,
but one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
than armies overthrown, and thousands slain;
no more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
but envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;
our own and others' good each hour employ,
and all things smile with universal joy;
Virtue with Happiness, her consort, join'd,
would regulate and bless each human mind,
and man be what his Maker first design'd.

A SONG.

When first I sought fair Cælia's love,
and ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the gods above,
to be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
long wept, and sigh'd in vain,
she still protested, vow'd, and swore
she ne'er would ease my pain.

At last, o'ercome, she made me blest,
and yielded all her charms,
and I forsook her, when possest,
and fled to others' arms.

But let not this, dear Cælia, now,
to rage thy breast incline;
for why, since you forget your vow,
should I remember mine?

G. Nicholson, Stourport.

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